

The rape of the capital

HERMIONE HOBHOUSE:

Lost London

A Century of Demolition and Decay
250pp. Macmillan. £5.25.

Lost London is an evocative title: the density of the old capital pile is rich even when only the past century's layers are poked. A long literature has reported the losses, for example a *Vanishing London* of 1894 consisting of detailed architectural drawings of old buildings then on their way to the knacker's yard, a book animated by the private concern of the draughtsman (Roland Paul) that such things should be properly recorded before their seemingly inevitable fate. And there was a two-layered *Lost London* published in 1926 to present a selection of topographical drawings (by J. Crowther) to record the landmarks "such features and landmarks throughout London as seemed likely to become before long a prey to the necessities for improvement and development". And *London City Suburbs* of 1893, "the result of many years' exploration" by an author and his artist (Fitzgerald and Luker) of places where "too much, alas... is being rapidly obliterated", had a long list of private subscribers headed by the Queen.

In other words, even after the founding, during the 1870s, of societies for photographing or preserving old buildings, there was room for individual concern to publish such things and there still is, for all the municipally or nationally supported surveys, historic buildings sections, and ministerial inspectors now performing in London. In fact, a private individual concerned enough to question the seeming inevitability of fate and informed enough to discuss the complex background to the whole ticklish question of preservation today is in a better position than anyone municipally or ministerially employed to do so.

And that is what Hermione Hobhouse has done. As Cubitt's biographer, she is under no illusions about the financial roots of London's growth; as someone practically involved in a local amenity society, she has few illusions about grassroots preservation problems; and as an historian, she can take the long view. So her sixteen-page introductory summary of attitudes and legislation since the 1870s is an eloquent account of changing ideas of profit and loss that brings us down to today's situation, where we solicit tourists with one hand and tear down what they come to see with the other. Next there are eight sections on various types of buildings or neighbourhoods, with a briefly informative text framed around the illustrations, mainly evocative old photographs. The running comment these evoke in a reader's mind proves once more the rich density of

the old compost pile and goes somewhat as follows.

The great low mansions, so lavish in the horizontal spread of their wings and gardens, on central sites so appealing to the vertical developer—how could they all last, and shouldn't we be grateful that at least Aspley House, and sometimes Lancaster House and Marlborough House, are open to us? While agreeing with all that Miss Hobhouse says about the uniqueness of what is gone, in what other city could one see from the top of a bus a vast wooded garden such as the one behind Buckingham Palace, with its flock of flamingoes beside its lake in summer? Northumberland House, destroyed in 1874 for a new street—didn't Cundy's elaborate staircase go to the house of Leyland the shipping magnate in Prince's Gate, where there was all that fuss about the Peacock Room? Holland House—a talking comparison of views, one of the old library exactly complemented by one of its ruins, with sad browers still contemplating the eludes. That gothic Pomfret House in Arlington Street—Horace Walpole lived just over the way: what did he think of it? Square—let's add that at least the music room in the Victoria and Albert Museum. The Grosvenor Lane—let's not make it easy for future historians to confuse it with the quite different Grosvenor Gallery in New Bond Street. The "Hilton decision", to allow that triple-harmonious of a hotel, as the *Architect's Journal* called it, to rear up over Hyde Park's green horizon—how right to discuss it under an old view of the domestic-scale of site, with Park green implied near at hand, not beyond two boulevards?

Of those houses that turn villa-like backs to Park Lane, so nicely illustrated here, it might be mentioned that there is a somewhat similar arrangement towards Birdcage Walk with front doors on Queen Anne's Gate. Harcourt House—no mention of its site (west side of Cavendish Square), but a view full of idiosyncrasy, in the Duke of Portland's glass screens above the garden wall, protection perhaps against the neighbours' apple-cores. No mention of old Burlington House, omitted doubtless because its destruction occurred in the 1860s; yet it left for the rest of the century an ignominious pile of columns in Battersea Park, remnants of the most noble of private colonnades ("a sort of London Tadmor", said *London City Suburbs* with a sketchy drawing of the pile in the grass).

Of Wren churches in life and death there are many-layered things to say: Miss Hobhouse gives splendidly appreciative quotations from the architect Mackmurdo's book of 1883 on these, but perhaps rightly

she felt there was no room to mention his gorgeously proto-Art Nouveau and un-Wrenlike title-page (illustrated in Nikolaus Pevsner's *Planners of the Modern Movement*), though his point of view and his title-page are equally important in the history of taste. The Phillimore Report of 1919 proposing demolition for certain Wren churches is mentioned, but not the full and balanced report on that proposal published separately in 1920 by the Clerk and the Architect to the London County Council. Oddly enough, the latter pamphlet, *Proposed Demolition of Nineteen City Churches*, has achieved a small immortality in T. S. Eliot's note at the end of *The Waste Land*, citing the pamphlet's title though not the LOC for his reference to St. Magnus' "splendour of Ionian white and gold"—a strange little footnote in the literature of preservation.

On public buildings, Miss Hobhouse is right on the peculiar convolutions of City Corporation policy in clearing away all non-medieval accretions around the Guildhall entrance to make a Baroque space for limousines to turn in, thus losing the only medieval quality present, the close-set heterogeneousness of the group they removed. And then she presents a painful inquest on the total destruction within the walls of Soane's Bank of England before the Second World War; small comfort that the public has a record, in Steele and Yerbury's book of photographs and measured drawings published in 1930, of what was lost there.

Business buildings: add that the Lion Brewery's lion, once pacing its river front on the future site of Royal Festival Hall, now has its pad at the south end of Westminster Bridge. Add, too, one memory of the Stag Brewery behind Victoria Street (where the brewery smell still floated off towards Buckingham Palace in the 1950s)—three chimneys, during the demolition, standing like the leaning towers of Bologna; nothing to beg to preserve in that, only part of the small change of transient incident in a city. More important, Cockerell's Sun Assurance Building, just gone, is mentioned but not illustrated, though far more influential upon Victorian buildings than his classical work which is shown: for one thing, that stilted-arched window, repeated and repeated in buildings commercial and, eventually, domestic.

Norman Shaw's New Zealand Chambers (a war casualty), which introduced the Queen Anne Revival to the City and would have been worth rebuilding, is represented by one of his sensitive preparatory drawings, not quite as built, but showing its height in relation to a Georgian building next door, before it was elbowed by holder fronts. There is a superb photograph of Leonard Stokes's Telephone Exchange in Gerrard Street (running through to Lisie Street, not on a corner of it), from one of the old glass plates of that fine photographer Bedford Lemere now in the National Monuments Record collection.

A series of Southwark inns which still survived in the last century reminds us of the position of that first suburb at the head of routes to Kent and the Channel ports; court-yards redolent of Chaucer and Dickens—what lovely tourist-traps were lost there, except for the one surviving fragment of the George. Apropos the inn linked with John Harvard before he went to Massachusetts, he did not found Harvard College but bequeathed his library and half his property to the two-year-old college, which was then promptly renamed in his honour. The descendants of those inns appear in a wonderful set of photographs of Victorian hotels and restaurants in their opulent overlays of styles.

Mulling through these pages sets up a sort of fascinated mournfulness. A book called *Lost Treasures of Europe*, edited by Henry La Farge in 1946, and another called *The Bombed Buildings of Britain*, by J. M. Richards and John Summerson (1942-47), had the same sort of melancholy fascination—and yet the immediate causes of the dreadful ruin they showed were, in a way, simpler. Between wars, the reasons for urban ruin are more intricate; or else war is simply those reasons

human muddle and chaos taken to their ultimate conclusion.

One thing we must not miss: Miss Hobhouse implies, in that some of the streets redeveloped were better before. Take the Euston area around Warren Street Underground station, or the Elephant and Castle junction, or Victoria Street, the 1930s, or 1950s, as today's glossy cliffs of concrete and steel. Another sort of bad, one London really began a "Tennyson" c. 1871. As for dreariness of the other streets they were scaled to the street all right, but human scale itself is not enough. One some had verse on the future of the 1950s inspired by the "narrowness" of Adam and Eve public-house.

Even the pigeons stay away. The sculptors' yards self-organised and low by jowl the buses and the Past spavined spires and scale to slum, however lively the Seaton Place's tatty little market, however warming before the Adam's coat of arms, blown out by the winds of change, new desert. That might have made to bloom with warm liveliness, without monuments. The case for destruction separated neither from the qualities destroyed nor from the qualities created.

The mid-century for willful destruction in London was 1952, the Coal Exchange and the Arch went. The decade since has been a time of reassessment, the forces fighting vandalism, muddle, and there is now understanding of those Space, time, and architecture, the motor car—have more meaning, in the context of our more people than us. Perhaps after another decade, author of this book will be Lady Dartmouth's former County Hall. May there be thing left for her to save!

Flowering of a folly

CLOUGH WILLIAMS-ELLIS:
Architect Errant
291pp. Constable. £3.25.

The architectural backdrop to the years between the wars may, or may not, be considered to have displayed some of the natterly virtues which contemporary pundits so insistently claimed for it, but it could never have been described as exactly gay. Even if one accepted the intellectual arguments on which the achievements of the Bauhaus Boys were based, one's heart was seldom uplifted by their concrete expression. So it was with a genuine, albeit slightly guilty, delight, that one's eye alighted on the cupolas and campaniles of Portmeiron, tucked far away in the remotest corner of the canvas, barely visible through the jungle of cantilevered concrete and the screens of curtain walling.

The day of the folly was, it had been made abundantly clear, long since past. Ornament had become a dirty word, and while firmness and commodity retained their status, delight was very low down on Dr. Gropius's list of priorities. In the eyes of all right-thinking men, the conception of this ridiculous Welsh fantasy was definitely anti-social and its practical achievement abhorrent.

Luckily, Clough Williams-Ellis was very far from right-thinking. Fortunate in the time of his birth and apprenticeship, his social inheritance and complete indifference to contemporary slogans, he did not hesitate

to give full rein to his high-powered romanticism. That his efforts were crowned with success was largely due to his historical knowledge and his possession of a quality that had become almost extinct among contemporary practitioners: a highly developed sense of portmanteau. Portmanteau may not be among the greatest architectural ensembles in Europe, but as an idiosyncratic expression of the pleasure-principle it occupies a worthy niche, alongside such charming fantasies as Kew Gardens (as originally conceived by Sir William Chambers) and the Desert de Retz.

Although, perhaps, the most spectacular of his achievements, Portmeiron is far from being his only claim to fame. At a time when "ornament" was an unknown term and preservation an actively sponsored solely by a handful of local enthusiasts, his voice was raised loud and clear prophesying the doom which must inevitably overtake both town and country unless we mended our ways. That today, belatedly, a genuine concern for our surroundings has become as widespread as it has—and has even been accorded legislative recognition—is due in no small measure to his pioneering enthusiasm.

In *Architect Errant* Sir Clough records not only his struggle in the good cause and his professional triumphs and disappointments, but also illuminates architectural attitudes and conditions as they existed around the turn of the century. Whether he is describing the restoration of a country house or his experi-

ences in observation balloons during the First World War, his writing is charged with an old-fashioned refreshingly unrestrained by the trace of a foolish false modesty. The end we are left with is a portrait that few men can so well deserve the honour accorded him, tempered by a surprise that he should have waited until well into his ninth decade to receive it.

PIAGET

Biology and
KnowledgeAn essay on the
Relations between
Organic Regulations
and Cognitive
ProcessesAuthorized Translation
published by Edinburgh
University Press
at £4

FICTION

Memories of an urban past

MAX AUB:

Las buenas intenciones
199pp. Madrid: Alianza. 60 ptas.

La calle de Valverde

199pp. Barcelona: Seix Barral.

Jesús Torres Campalans

199pp. Barcelona: Lumen. 300 ptas.

Y obra de Luis Alvarez

199pp. Barcelona: Seix Barral.

199pp.

The last time a book by Max Aub was reviewed in these pages (September 25, 1969), we observed that although other Spanish writers could now return from exile and give their work published in Spain, the regime remained implacable in its hostility to Aub, who was still not able to return from Mexico. It happened, and as the Spanish cultural Attache in London was quick to point out, a day or two before the notice was published the Spanish press announced Señor Aub's presence in Spain. Since then, although not quite all is forgiven, new Spanish editions of some of Aub's books have added to the long list of publications which, in the past three or four years, have been giving most Spaniards their opportunity of finding out what has been happening to the Spanish exile outside Spain since the Civil War.

This is a very welcome development. Aub is arguably one of the half-dozen living Spanish novelists and it is to be hoped that the role of his large and varied literary output will soon be available in Spanish, particularly since the four books published so far could give a misleading impression of Aub's literary talents. Apart from the fact that they are books which the author has written for his readers ten or twenty years ago, they do not include many would regard as his best

work—the five novels of the *Laberinto mágico* cycle and some of his short stories. Furthermore, they might seem to suggest that Aub is a somewhat unimaginative writer of a basically nineteenth-century-realist kind. *Las buenas intenciones* is dedicated to Galdós; the publishers' note to *La calle de Valverde* likens it to a Galdós novel.

At first sight the comparison can hardly be avoided. Both books present a Galdósian panorama of Spanish urban life of a period in the fairly recent past, with a large cast of characters, many of whose stories are told in frankly digressive detail, and all set in a realistic framework of fact, where real people and places and historical events seem to testify that the author is drawing directly on his personal memories of the period, as Galdós did in the 1880s. Yet if this is how things appear at first sight, it gives cause to wonder why Aub, who has been an ingenious experimenter in the course of his long career, should return in his fifties (the books were first published in 1954 and 1961) to straightforward description of life as it really was when he was in his twenties.

The answer may lie in an aspect of the two novels which links them to *Luis Alvarez Petreña* and *Jesús Torres Campalans*: Aub's method and purpose in mixing fiction and reality. Galdós, like other nineteenth-century realists, introduced real people and places into his novels for the express purpose of enhancing the illusion of reality which he wanted his fiction to provide. Aub, on the other hand, would seem to be engaged in an Unnaman meditation on the reality of fiction and the fiction of reality when both are considered *sub specie aeternitatis*. His novels are not really made out of observation of life but out of his present memory of life thirty years ago, which is a different matter.

The difference can perhaps best be seen in the three types of character Aub employs. His memories include figures like Valle-Inclán and Ortega

y Gasset, who are introduced by name. But they are dead now, and so, as far as Aub is concerned, survive in much the same way as the fictional characters. And yet in not quite the same way, for they were well-known public figures, and when he names them he must remember them as many others remember them. But then there are characters who are also real people, but who appear under pseudonyms. So if Valle-Inclán appears as Daniel Miralles? Partly because he is less well known, no doubt, but more importantly because Aub's memories of the painter, after thirty years, are certainly part fictional (and his memories of the affairs of Plá's two daughters, one supposes, much more so). By extension, the purely fictional characters in the novels can be regarded as people who could have existed historically, but who in mere fact have only existed in the writer's imagination, as exemplary characters, as it were, in his composite impression now of what life was like then.

In this respect Aub's purpose in mixing fact with fiction could hardly be more different from that of Galdós. Perhaps this is self-evident in the novels, but it is worth remembering when one wonders, as one must, if *Jesús Torres Campalans* is anything more than a mischievous hoax. The joke went off well in its day. Aub presented, with careful documentation, indication of sources, photographs and reproductions of paintings, the biography of a forgotten Catalan painter, friend and contemporary of Picasso, who gave up painting in 1914 to go and bury himself among Mexican Indians. The book is said to have stirred some old memories and to have provoked independent recollections of the artist and belated appreciations of his art. Now everyone knows that everything in the biography was the product of Aub's imagination. Yet one would not imagine that his

therefore the greater in that he manages to convey a sense of reality as well as subtlety in all the relationships. Particularly clever is his treatment of involvement, the way the boy is drawn into the complicated, menacing lives of the troubled, demanding people who have suddenly brought both light and dark into what had promised to be a special night. Originally written in 1954, *Spring Night* will be more accessible to the English reader, because it is more direct, than Vespa's highly symbolic last work, *The Boat in Evening*, which was published here in 1971. Kenneth G. Chapman's translation is admirably terse but the odd Americanism in the wrong place jars.

This is not the kind of story that can be swallowed with aplomb even by those used to the chance but fateful meetings of symbolic Scandinavian films. Vespa's skill is therefore the greater in that he manages to convey a sense of reality as well as subtlety in all the relationships. Particularly clever is his treatment of involvement, the way the boy is drawn into the complicated, menacing lives of the troubled, demanding people who have suddenly brought both light and dark into what had promised to be a special night. Originally written in 1954, *Spring Night* will be more accessible to the English reader, because it is more direct, than Vespa's highly symbolic last work, *The Boat in Evening*, which was published here in 1971. Kenneth G. Chapman's translation is admirably terse but the odd Americanism in the wrong place jars.

Times; his son, Gus, embittered to the point of mania by the recent death of his wife; Rial Jackson, the dam's bitterest opponent; Rial's wife, Zeba, shaken and disturbed by the presence of Kingston, a man she remembers with both love and loathing from earlier times of dark incident; Rial's son, Wilbur, suffering from a bad case of adolescence; and Arthur Clayton whose "dedication for pubescent dollies doesn't stop short at his daughter—a girl shakily involved with both Wilbur and Gus.

Put that lot together in a boat heading for white water and you've almost certainly got a novel; what you've also got—theoretically anyway—is a readership wondering who is going to do what to whom first, and Anthony Tuttle is determined not to miss a trick. Once his charac-

ter was simply to deceive. If Torres Campalans had also existed, the book would still be the book we have—a biography, which in one sense is, and in another is not, the same thing as the life of a man. Furthermore, *Jesús Torres Campalans* contains many interesting observations about the nature and purpose of art which could perhaps only have been made by a certain kind of artist at a certain period.

This last point is reinforced curiously by the three parts of *Luis Alvarez Petreña*, written, according to Aub, in 1934, 1965 and 1970. At each date he makes contact with his fictitious writer when Petreña is about Aub's own age. Which is not to say, by any means, that Petreña is Max Aub. He describes Petreña as a rather unpleasant man who wrote rather dull stuff, and it has to

Way up high

EDUARDO MALLEA:

Gabriel Andaral

251pp. Buenos Aires: Sudamericana.

Gabriel Andaral is prefaced with the note that it is really by a notional Virgilio Valdés, who (in the text) soon compares himself with Dr. Watson and his beloved Andaral with Holmes. The point of this subterfuge is not clear; and there is not a hint of intrigue to hold things together, this function being performed by Andaral's own cultured voice, recorded by Mallea/Valdés, dutifully, and apparently altogether without irony. Andaral quickly snatches his listener away from Buenos Aires and carries him to the "cities of

the mind", there to discourse on the "high" literature and philosophy of the West, with predictable asides on the Orient. He has a big library and knows many languages.

There are personal moments, it is true: we are allowed to glimpse his private jottings and correspondence, and so learn, among other things, that *The Waste Land* holds the story of his life. What there is left for Gabriel Andaral to do and say in the three or four other novels Sr Mallea plans to include in this new "saga" is not something his reader is exactly driven to speculate about. In the rich and intricate novelistic world he has created over the past thirty years his last hero appears singularly lean and flat.

David Cook Albert's Memorial

"Excellent first novel... Mr Cook mingles realism and fantasy, comedy and pathos with real originality" Francis King, *Sunday Telegraph*. "Interesting and unusual"—Richard Lister, *Evening Standard*. 22.10
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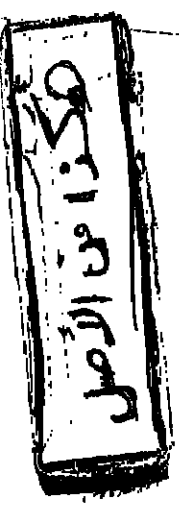
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specific states of depersonalization and dissociation. It is therapeutic in so far as it transmits the threat of total violence and destruction from latent rage in the individual and the culture into manageable distributed, dosed and eroticized language. In a macabre way the therapeutics of pornography achieve Freud's demand for analytic treatment: "where I'd was there shall the Ego be". In pornography it is all ego and only the ego; no id, no body, no person. The id, the person and the body are merely exploited to establish and actualize the machinery of somatic events. Its instruction lies in that it has to teach the tricks to its accomplice/reader for its peculiar reality to be participated in. And here again the Divine Marquis set the pace, when he all too awfully wrote his *Philosophy in the Bedroom*. In Madame de Saint-Ange's postulate to Eugénie:

May atrocities, horrors, may the most odious crimes astonish you no more, my Eugénie; what of the filthiest, the most infamous, the most forbidden, 'tis that which best arouses the intellect... 'tis that which always causes us most deliciously to disengage.

Sade most insightfully exposed the omnipotent role of intellect in these somatic events, and the absence of instinct.

This specific hyper-functioning of intellect, through the creation of somatic events imprisoned in words, not only alienates but also isolates the reader/accomplice just as much as it does the characters in pornography. Geoffrey Gorer in an article on "The Pornography of Death" accounts for this phenomenon in an interesting way:

Pornography on the other hand, the description of taboos activities to

produce hallucination or delusion, seems to be a very much rarer phenomenon. It probably can only arise in literate societies, and we certainly have no records of it for non-literate ones; for whereas the enjoyment of obscenity is predominantly social, the enjoyment of pornography is predominantly private.

My contention here is that this privacy, or what I call isolation, is a further subversive function of pornography. The banal fact is that pornography is largely, if not exclusively, used for masturbation.

Sartre in his mammoth study *Saint Genet—Comedian of Misery*, discussing the whole function of masturbation in Genet's books, has this to say:

Seeking excitement and pleasure, Genet seeks by enveloping himself in his images as the potent male one; in its odour, these images call forth by themselves words that reinforce them; often they even remain incomplete; words are needed to finish the job; these words require that they be uttered and, finally, written down; the writing calls forth and creates its audience; the masturbator narcissism ends by being stashed in words. Genet writes in a state of dream and, in order to consolidate his dreams, dreams that he writes, then writes that he dreams, and the act of writing awakens him. The consciousness of the word is a local awakening within the fantasy; he awakes without ceasing to dream.

I am not so convinced as Sartre is that the phenomenon of dream is involved in Genet's writings; it strikes me that it is the other way round. All of Genet's compulsive onanistic fantasizing compensates both for his incapacity to dream and his incapacity to relate to the other. And pornography, in this sense, is an objectification of these incapacities in its authors. One can go to the extreme and say that pornography is

little more than masturbation writ large. Or, in Sartre's postulate, "the onanist wants to take hold of the word as an object". If, aesthetically, pornography is lacking in imagination and psychologically, in both emotion and object-relation—and if, physically, it symbolizes a lack of spontaneous instinctual impetus and desire—then one can define it as exclusively preoccupied with the mental pursuit of sensations to the exclusion of both emotions and object-relations. It aims to conjure up somatic events through words, and these are its only reality. If an accomplice/reader becomes too addicted to the given reality of pornography, then there is definitely a disruption of his own inner capacities to grow and personify as a human adult. The trouble with pornography is not that it is against God's law but against nature's law in so far as it subverts the growth of the human adult into selfhood.

I have so far used the concept "somatic events", and have given two sorts of example of them. But one needs to examine the character of these events in more detail. Though they purport to be sexual in nature, in fact sexuality is merely exploited, to express violence and rage, either against the self-body or the other-body. The champions of pornography and pornographic writers themselves often make out that what they are trying to remedy are the inhibitions of instinctual experience in the individual through prudish cultural prejudices. Their claim is that they are trying to free the individual, to be more vitally and sentiently his instinctual, sexual self. And yet what pornography achieves in fact is the opposite of what it claims to set out to do. As Sade and Sartre have pointed out, the mind and the word

usurp in fact the natural function of instinct in human experience and misappropriate the instinctual drive to a hyper-mental concoction of often brutal imagery, in order to establish somatic events which disregard the person and being of the characters.

So one sees that there is a specific type of split involved in the concoction of these events. First, the instinctual sexual drive is dissociated from natural bodily expression, sharing and gratification through object-relation. Second, this mutilation of the sexual drive is then used to create a very specific type of violence through language, a violence that is further eroticized to make it palatable. But the fact remains the same: negation of the self and object. It is in this particular redistribution of the instinctual drives of sex and aggression that the true pathology of pornography rests. It has replaced sexual freedom and sharing by a mental act of coercion on the body-self and object into extreme stances of submission and humiliation. In this context one can say that the politics of pornography are inherently fascist.

So far, by and large, I have looked only at the negative aspect of pornography. It cannot, however, be denied that a cultural revolution has been realized through pornography. From the Divine Marquis to Saint Genet, to my knowledge nobody has so far tried seriously to account for it; and one cannot write it off as a fatuous phenomenon. Pornography is both a symptom of specific processes of the devaluation of instinct in a culture as well as in the individual, and an attempt at a cure of the symptom. Hence, my emphasis on the therapeutics involved in pornography. It is necessary now to understand more about

the nature of the symptom, functioning, on the one hand, the character of the need, and on the other, the use saying that both the and the revolution can away with by legislation.

All serious thinkers—poets or psychologists—about few are chosen. Nobody does it better than Geoffrey Grigson, who combines erudition with iconoclasm. Since the days of *New Verse*, Grigson has enjoyed swimming against the stream, not only in his European culture but also in his own. (Auden the one major exception), but also in his estimation of the past. Among his many anthologies, the prose and verse selections from eighteenth-century and Romantic writers which came out at the end of the war were especially good, as was his collection of poetry for children, *The Cherry Tree*. His new anthologies bring together two favourite themes—a love of folklore and natural history, and a fondness for all forms of anti-establishmentism. Both anthologies are praiseworthy for what they include, though, inevitably, they could be reproached for what they leave out. Any book calling itself *Popular Verse* is bound to be selective, the field being so wide.

Mr. Grigson's duty must be to ensure that his arbitrariness is positive and not merely inevitable. Mr. Grigson can claim his is "popular verse", he writes, "is not literary"; it does not deal with the exceptional. Its vocabulary is not idiosyncratic, its images are few and immediate in appeal, its forms are uncomplicated.

Considering such criteria verses as "The Corpus Christi Carol" and "The Wind" he suggests that, in spite of the unimpressive of poets, the best things in poetry may after all be the occasional quatrain, couplet or line, shining in a mass of dross. But many of the finest poems in the history of the English language are of considerable length. Such are the famous "Dilly Song" ("Green grow the rushes O"), "The Cuckoo Song", "The Yule Days", "The Strange Visitor" and "An Invitation to Lumberland" (the English forerunner of "The Big Rock Candy Mountain"), and a vision to put beside Auden's "Sing first that green rook, Cockney" and "Wie genossen die himmlischen Freuden" from *Der Knecht Ruprecht*, which Mr. Grigson put into his Fourth Symphony.

Rossetti is the rain they have. Which comes in pleasant showers. All places are adorned brave. With sweet and fragrant flowers; Each daisy grows on every tree, Each daisy affords rich fables. Now, if you will be ruled by me, Go there, and fill your bellies. Surely good popular and good literary verse have much the same qualities, while the mediocre of each kind are indeed very different. What a pity in these songs, ballads, woodnotes and riddles is pretension and crafted artifice, faults of bad literary writing. The bulk of the poems are anonymous, and a few of the more familiar are printed in verse.

LITERATURE AND CRITICISM

Anonymous and others

GEORGEY GRIGSON (Editor): *The Faber Book of Popular Verse*. 376pp. Faber and Faber. £2.50. *Unrespectable Verse*. 334pp. Allen Lane The Penguin Press. £2.50.

The attraction of anthology-making is its arbitrariness: many are called but few are chosen. Nobody does it better than Geoffrey Grigson, who combines erudition with iconoclasm. Since the days of *New Verse*, Grigson has enjoyed swimming against the stream, not only in his European culture but also in his own. (Auden the one major exception), but also in his estimation of the past. Among his many anthologies, the prose and verse selections from eighteenth-century and Romantic writers which came out at the end of the war were especially good, as was his collection of poetry for children, *The Cherry Tree*. His new anthologies bring together two favourite themes—a love of folklore and natural history, and a fondness for all forms of anti-establishmentism. Both anthologies are praiseworthy for what they include, though, inevitably, they could be reproached for what they leave out. Any book calling itself *Popular Verse* is bound to be selective, the field being so wide.

Mr. Grigson's duty must be to ensure that his arbitrariness is positive and not merely inevitable. Mr. Grigson can claim his is "popular verse", he writes, "is not literary"; it does not deal with the exceptional. Its vocabulary is not idiosyncratic, its images are few and immediate in appeal, its forms are uncomplicated.

Considering such criteria verses as "The Corpus Christi Carol" and "The Wind" he suggests that, in spite of the unimpressive of poets, the best things in poetry may after all be the occasional quatrain, couplet or line, shining in a mass of dross. But many of the finest poems in the history of the English language are of considerable length. Such are the famous "Dilly Song" ("Green grow the rushes O"), "The Cuckoo Song", "The Yule Days", "The Strange Visitor" and "An Invitation to Lumberland" (the English forerunner of "The Big Rock Candy Mountain"), and a vision to put beside Auden's "Sing first that green rook, Cockney" and "Wie genossen die himmlischen Freuden" from *Der Knecht Ruprecht*, which Mr. Grigson put into his Fourth Symphony.

Rossetti is the rain they have. Which comes in pleasant showers. All places are adorned brave. With sweet and fragrant flowers; Each daisy grows on every tree, Each daisy affords rich fables. Now, if you will be ruled by me, Go there, and fill your bellies. Surely good popular and good literary verse have much the same qualities, while the mediocre of each kind are indeed very different. What a pity in these songs, ballads, woodnotes and riddles is pretension and crafted artifice, faults of bad literary writing. The bulk of the poems are anonymous, and a few of the more familiar are printed in verse.

sions which seem like cleanings-up. Many people will know, and most likely have sung, far dirtier variations of "The Old Farmer and his Young Wife" and "Captain Hall". The texts Mr. Grigson prints are better poetry than the ones that get bawled at drinking sessions, but they are not so popular or unrespectable. Mr. Grigson ranges widely over the centuries throughout Britain, America and Australia, with the largest representation coming from north of the border. This makes admirable sense, for much of his Scottish material is little known, and all of it is impressive. However, his decision to exclude longer ballads has kept out masterpieces like "The Demon Lover" and "The Laity Worm and the Macherel of the Sea", which would have done well in his sections "Familiarities and Fruits of Love" or "The Supernatural". Perhaps he considers such ballads too well-known and too literary.

Mr. Grigson has a taste for eighteenth and nineteenth-century broadsides and for protest and union songs, and he curbs a good selection from these. "The Blackleg Miners" is especially fine, and his versions of "The Night before Larry was Stretched" and "Johnny I hardly knew Ye" are better than many in circulation.

You haven't an arm and you haven't a leg. You're an eyeless, noseless, chickenless egg. You'll have to be put in a bowl to beg. Oh, Johnny, I hardly knew ye!

His liking for the urban and sophisticated is very welcome. "The Unfortunate Miss Bailey" ("George Colman the Younger"), "The Workhouse Boy", two dope songs, "Cocaine Lil" and "Morphine Sue" and "Willy the Weeper", and the street ballad, "The Undertakers' Club", are all splendid representatives of their genres. Among stanzas of mystification, "If all the world were paper" is a natural forerunner of Rukweller and Shadow's duet in the auction scene of *The Rake's Progress*. Reading Mr. Grigson's anthology underlines Auden's great debt to traditional popular verse. At the end of the book comes a definitive riddle, following so many poems about death and mortality.

There was a man made a thing. And he that made it did it bring. But he 'twas made for no (not know) Whether 'twas a thing or no. (A coffin).

Only a couple of poems are common to both anthologies, but one of them is remarkable, the extended Scots beggar-ballad, "Blythesome Bridal", attributed to Francis Sempill. W. E. Henley's version of Villon in nineteenth-century Cockney slang is also a tour-de-force, but Sempill's poem is much more besides. In its patented thieves' language, it moves as smoothly as a Tennyson Idyll, with an effect both eliciting and disquieting.

And there will be fudges and brochen. With fouth of good gabgooks of skate, Powwowdie, and drammock, and crowdie. And caller nowfiet in a plate. And there will be patens and buckies,

And where d'ee think he found her? Even upon Sir John Selvey's bed, As flate as any boulder.

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F. W. BATESON: *Essays in Critical Dissent*. 253pp. Longman. £2.75.

A. E. DYSON: *Between Two Worlds*. 157pp. Macmillan. £4.

It would be hard to find two books more dissimilar in sensibility than these studies by the respective co-editors of *Essays in Criticism* and the *Critical Quarterly*. *Essays in Critical Dissent*—twenty-four of them altogether, mostly reprinted from elsewhere—comes about as near as any imaginable selection would to distilling the essential Bateson: its approach is polemical, stoutly idiosyncratic, mixing a seemingly omniscient literary historical knowledge with a dash of briskly pragmatic iconoclasm. The idols lined up for toppling are familiar enough ones to those already acquainted with Mr. Bateson's literary predilections: bibliographers, textual critics, devotees of linguistic and defenders of the Intentional Fallacy get rapped over the head and shoved firmly into their peripheral places; what ammunition is left over gets used up on targets as diverse as pedantry in learned journals, L. C. Knight's case on Restoration Comedy, Eliot's "pseudo-learning", anonymity in the TLS and the examination system in English studies.

Mr. Bateson is clearly at his best when pitching with occasionally self-indulgent gusto into the cut-and-thrust of scholarly controversy, the literary institutions—journals, examinations, tutorial methods and the rest. Where he seems to pall somewhat, however, is in engaging with the cut-and-thrust of symbolic meanings with a specific literary text. Most of his book is, in a general way, "about" literature, and it is true that few can find their way with such formidable knowledge facility around the complicated by-ways of literary practices, approaches, institutions. It is also evident that his assaults on what he sees as dehumanizing scientific invasions of the literary critical realm are launched, not from some loftily dogmatic vantage-point complacently ignorant of its enemies' equipment, but from a closely inward acquaintance with what the enemy is actually up to. But very few indeed of these essays substantiate their author's defence of the paramountcy of literary criticism by actually showing a little of it in action; and those that do—the piece on Housman, for example—are frankly uninspiring.

If the generously expansive range of Mr. Bateson's literary interests leads to a certain thinness of quality in the area of "pure" criticism, so such charge could be levelled against A. E. Dyson. Whereas *Essays in Critical Dissent* flits comfortably among

More "unrespectable" from a modern viewpoint, is Beethoven's "Ballade Tragique à Double Cor", set in Windsor Castle, which has this precise exchange.

LADY-IN-WAITING: No, most emphatically No! To my firm-rooted feet I cling In my now chronic vertigo; The Queen is duller than the King.

LORD-IN-WAITING: Lady, you lie. Last evening I found him with a Rural Dean, Talking of district visiting. The King is duller than the Queen.

Shelley is notably "unrespectable" in extracts from "Queen Mab" and "Peter Bell the Third"; so are Byron, Synge, Swinburne, Beaumont and Fletcher, and Anonymous, coping with T. S. Eliot's Anglicanism. Penelope's "Poor Man and the Rich" is too well-meaning to have any bite. His properly "unrespectable" poem, "A New Order of Chivalry", from *Gryll Grange*, deserves to be in instead, as the first four lines will show:

Sir Moses, Sir Aaron, Sir Jamrajalee, Two stock-jobbing Jews, and a shuffling Parsee. Have girt on the armour of Old Persius, And, instead of the Red Cross, have hoisted Bala Three.

Overall, this is an excellent anthology, but it could have had more brioche. "Unrespectable" verse shouldn't concern itself with respectable causes, whether they are the Poor, Vietnam or sexual emancipation. As Anonymous always seems to know, "unrespectable" poetry has a hot line to life itself:

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a considerable diversity of topics. *Between Two Worlds* is an intense, soberly concentrated project, highly selective in its choice of texts and reverently responsive to their detail. The book, indeed, is an act of almost religious homage to certain major works—Comus, *The Scholar Gypsy*, *The Turn of the Screw*, *Death in Venice*, *The Great Gatsby* and *The Trial*—which, the author implies, have come to form part of the inner tissue of his own identity. Compared with *Essays in Critical Dissent*, Mr. Dyson's preoccupations are meta-physical rather than practical, deeply personal rather than (in the first place) theoretical.

The point of *Between Two Worlds* is to draw attention to a relationship between two sets of polarities: on the one hand, certain "moral, psychological or experiential polarities" within a text; on the other hand, the tension between content and form. These two conflicts are inter-connected by virtue of a third factor: the relationship between an author and his character. Mr. Dyson contends that Comus, the Scholar Gypsy, James's Governors, Aschenbach, Gatsby and Joseph K. are all explorers, seeking to shape their worlds by the reconciliation of particular conflicts within them; as such, their activity offers an analogy to the artist's own business of ordering muddle into achieved form.

The highly formalist character of such a critical venture is admitted readily enough by Mr. Dyson, who declares his allegiance to that particular camp from the outset; but whether candidly recognizing one's formalist bent is the same thing as avoiding its dangers is a different matter. The obvious questions have to be asked: can these six characters be quite so easily prised out of their vastly different cultural contexts, in search of a unifying thesis? If the conflict between form and content is part of the book's subject-matter, it is equally a problem of its method—of the uneasy relation between individual chapters and a shaping theme. One symptom of this uneasiness is a contrast between the rich and complex ambivalence of the general theses, as Mr. Dyson outlines it in the Prologue and Epilogue, and the disappointingly conventional nature of some of the individual analyses, which tend quite often to devote more of their space to patient, step-by-step explication and reasonably familiar critical argument (as the Governors really paranoid?) than to a consistent illumination of the text's detail in the light of the book's general, potentially highly fertile theme. The theme, in other words, tends to disappear underground for certain stretches of the book, and crops up with full force only in the Prologue and Epilogue. If this is better than the general thesis remorselessly twisting particular analyses to its own demands, it is still something less than satisfactory.

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The making of Bluebeard

JEAN BENEDETTI: *Gilles de Rais*. 207pp. Peter Davies. £2.75.

The life of Gilles de Rais, itself so monstrous and incomprehensible even to himself, passed very soon into legend, the red-bearded Marshal of France, becoming the Bluebeard of fairy story. There is little likelihood of fresh evidence being adduced and the task of a modern biographer is to sift the conflicting material and produce a convincing interpretation; this is what Jean Benedetti has done.

He urges the necessity of seeing Gilles de Rais in the context of the life and politics of the first half of the fifteenth century:

Nothing could be more misleading than to regard him as some kind of monster, thrown up by nature but existing, essentially, outside the order of things. It is important, at the outset to emphasise how typical he was of his period, how representative of his contemporaries... The difference between Gilles and his contemporaries was one of scale. In an age of extravagance he was super-extravagant; in an age of crime he was a super-criminal.

It should be added that he was a loner. In a society where base behaviour could be pardoned if it was to advance the power and fortunes of the family, the grossest offences were the dissipation of the family's fortunes: *les folies de grandeur*. Banqueting, treachery, rapine, even murder, were acceptable provided that they did not deplete the family inheritance. Gilles de Rais violated the code of his class less by his seduction and murder of children or his invocation of demons and alchemical magic than by his refusal to accommodate himself to the changing practices of his time.

Gilles de Rais was born in 1404, heir of a dynastic marriage, which united vast estates in the Duchy of Brittany and the Kingdom of France. From the start he was more a pawn than a person, advanced rapidly to power by moves beyond his control. In 1415 both his parents died, and a conflict ensued for the custody of Gilles and his younger brother René de la Roche. His grandfather, Jean de Craon, took temporary possession of Gilles, and his family estate; Gilles grew up pampered and spoiled. Lackeys lavished

when, in the hope of punishment, he misbehaved. Mr. Benedetti depicts very well the sort of fertility that the chivalrous life was for Gilles's contemporaries, a sort of charade in which the Kings of France and England, the Dukes of Brittany and Burgundy and their attendant lords went through military motions in pursuit of fame and fortune. The jockeying for position which Jean de Craon, Gilles's grandfather, had made his speciality still continued. Following that tradition, Gilles signed a contract binding himself to Georges de la Trémoille, the right-hand man of the Dauphin.

This was in April, 1429, a month after Joan of Arc's arrival at the Dauphin's court. Joan impressed him, possibly, more than anybody he had met. Mr. Benedetti believes that Joan was at the same time a Christian and a member of a white witch cult which had representatives at court. Gilles was the first of the military leaders who came to believe that Joan was not merely a useful charismatic symbol but also a commander whose judgment was better than those of his fellow aristocrats.

One reason why Joan prevailed was that she forbade the plunder, rape, looting and murder of the civilian population, which were the favourite relaxations of the soldiery. While serving with Joan, Gilles de Rais observed her code. During this period, lasting less than twenty months, he was more integrated, happy and successful than at any other time in his life. Joan provided the discipline and idealism which he had not received from his mother, father, grandfather or teachers, and gave him a comradeship he achieved with no other man or woman.

Mr. Benedetti believes that Joan performed the role of the Maid in a witch cult, seeing no inconsistency between the old religion with its white magic and Christianity with its own magic rituals. Her "voices", according to this theory, were the counsel of superior members of the cult, instructing her for the good of France (or themselves). The cult, however, was not a religious one, but a magical one. Because Joan gained military confidence or ceased to have a useful role in the cult, she was killed.

At first sight Gilles de Rais's

abandonment of the cause of Joan, his apparent indifference to her fall at the stake, contradicts the belief that he ever felt loyalty to the Maid. His behaviour becomes explicable if he is seen as a psychopath developing schizophrenia. The Orleans episode may appear objectively noble but subjectively it was an ill-sustained attempt to recapture innocence on the part of a young man who had been corrupted in early childhood. After Joan failed to sustain the siege of Paris he had no use for her. Nor had he much use for battle after the raising of the siege of Lancy in 1432. Without the restraining influence of Joan, Gilles allowed his troops to exploit their victory by pillage and plunder.

Gilles de Rais secured his military victories by the regular payment of his own troops. This placed a severe strain on his great, but not inexhaustible, resources. Had he used his power and wealth with the cunning of Jean de Craon he would have replenished his coffers as fast as they were drained. But from March, 1434, onwards he retired into a world of fantasy, in which his good and evil selves enacted a drama which could only culminate in tragic death.

His marriage had been a failure, and after the birth of a daughter in 1429 his wife ceased to live with him. He turned his love and hatred to children, often fair-skinned and fair-haired, like himself. Some he fondled, violated, and murdered. Others he cherished as "little angels" to sing in his Chapel of the Holy Innocents. These were the two aspects of his schizophrenic nature.

On the tenth anniversary of the raising of the siege of Orleans, Gilles staged in that city "Le Miracle du Siège d'Orléans". There were 600 players in this pageant. All material, even rag being made from fine cloth slashed to tatters. Unfurnished free to eat and drink were thousands. The cost of the production was raised by sales and mortgages. More than any single act, this made inevitable the financial ruin which he must unconsciously have desired.

The sexual murders of children

continued, unreported by the terrified parents so long as Gilles retained sufficient power to be useful to his fellow nobles of France or Brittany. As he became increasingly pressed for money he turned to alchemy, prepared to promise the devil everything except his soul. In fits of remorse he would vow to make a pilgrimage to the Holy Land and in the return to lust would murder another brace of children. But there is no evidence that he ever made ritual sacrifice of children for alchemical purposes. In his madness, the compartments remained watertight.

Monstrous as his crimes were, his trial did not take place until he had so weakened his position that he

continued, unreported by the terrified

One event after another

P. M. HOLT, ANN K. S. LAMBERTON and BERNARD LEWIS (Editors):
The Cambridge History of Islam
Volume 1: The Central Islamic Lands, 632-1600.
815pp. £15.00.

Volume 2: The Further Islamic Lands, Islamic Society and Civilization, 969pp. £17.00.
Cambridge University Press.

M. A. SHARAF:
Islamic History A.D. 600-750 (A.J. 132).
196pp. Cambridge University Press. £3.20.

The perennial Western interest in Eastern religions has somehow generally managed to bypass Islam. Sufism, it is true, is currently in vogue, but it is a Sufism almost wholly removed from its Islamic context. In this age of paperback Buddhism, general familiarity with Islam is probably little greater than it was when Dante cast the Prophet into the Circle of Fraud among the Sowers of Discord. This seems curious in view of Europe's important historical and cultural links with the Islamic world, to say nothing of geographical proximity. Islam as a revealed religion claimed to be the fulfilment of the earlier Jewish and Christian revelations. Islam as a secular power was one of the heirs of the Roman Empire and (thereafter) a permanent factor in European power politics. Islam as a culture absorbed much of the Greek heritage which it later transmitted to Europe, together with its own original achievements in mathematics and medicine. Yet however close the association, its nature has not been such as to

encourage mutual understanding and sympathy. With the coming of Islam the East-West frontier was advanced from Mesopotamia to the shores of the Mediterranean and beyond, and for nearly a thousand years Europe and Christendom stood on the defensive. Islam's very kinship with Christianity made it easier for Christian polemicists to portray it as a heresy and to deny it any claim to originality. In later centuries the balance of power swung just as violently in the other direction. Significantly, however, this has not led to a more sympathetic understanding of Islam. Europeans were quick to equate Islam with conservatism and decadence, and as supplementary evidence for the truth of this equation there were always Burton's erotica close at hand.

What seems more curious is that this estrangement has remained virtually untouched by the considerable attention paid to Islam by Western scholars. It must surely come as a surprise to many people to learn that Islamic studies have now been going on in the West for well over two centuries. Although Islamic scholarship has made considerable progress, it has done so in almost complete isolation from other fields of scholarship.

The isolation of Islamic studies owes much to the lack of interest shown by governments and universities, and something to the traditional exclusiveness of orientalists themselves. In Lord Auckland's Minute which ended the long argument of the early nineteenth century between "anglicists" and "orientalists" over Indian education, he remarked that "oriental scholars are apt to be un-

duly prepossessed in favour of acquisitions obtained by much labour and to which they are indebted for reputation". Unfortunately this has all too often been the case. Islamic studies have tended to attach undue importance to purely linguistic skills, forgetting that Islamic studies are just as much a branch of history, geography, sociology, comparative literature, and so on. However in recent years much has been done to correct the balance, and this might therefore seem a suitable moment for launching such a project as *The Cambridge History of Islam*. The outcome, as it turns out, is sadly disappointing.

Too much still sounds as if it were written by scholars trained as linguists rather than as historians. There is often room for history, but never for the good story, events that cover page after page of the *Cambridge History*. This is especially true of the chapters in Volume Two dealing with Islam in Africa and Asia, where often little or no attempt appears to have been made to distinguish what is significant from what is not. By far the worst example of this approach is the chapter on Islamic art and architecture, which resembles nothing so much as a valuer's inventory of household effects.

This criticism might seem to suggest that the *Cambridge History* is at least comprehensive. It is not. The Muslim world is divided into Sunnites and Shi'ites, yet nowhere in the *Cambridge History* is Shi'ism properly discussed. This omission is particularly regrettable because the

subject has for so long been so inadequately dealt with anyway. Nor is it easy to understand why Islamic political theory should have been passed over in complete silence. The constant and ultimately unsuccessful attempt to relate the reality of political life to an unwelcome Islamic ideal illuminates both the political history and the Islamic outlook in general.

Too often, however, the alternative to omitting a topic altogether appears to be maximum confusion combined with minimum enlightenment. This passage on the Persian mystical poet, Rumi, is itself of a mystic impenetrability:

His genius, like the touch of a magician, is able to turn everything that comes his way into poetry, and let cosmic elements become humble tools to his devouring and restless imagination. In his rapture he often stretches the possibility of words and images to the utmost limit, occasionally approaching a ravishing unintelligibility.

But worse, because more pretentious, is this from G. E. von Grunebaum, an American Islamicist of considerable reputation:

That a civilization should have nearly identifiable sources... tends to imply, at least, as a metaphor, the idea of a blending, amalgamation resulting from the number of pre-existing historic ingredients. Since obviously these ingredients can be recognized only in retrospect, that is to say through the analysis of the unit in which they are submerged or active, a teleological outlook is apt to guide the eye of the diagnostician, who also may find it difficult to pry himself loose from the organicism inherent in the image whose persuasiveness only too readily obscures its

purely nominalist function. That the state of Islamic history is healthier than that of Islamic history of Islam might seem demonstrated by M. A. Sharaf's Egyptian scholar who has expanded the thesis of an earlier work (*The Abbasid Revolution*, 1967) to cover the Umayyads in A.D. 750. In his latest work, *The Umayyad Revolution*, he is a period that has been well over in the past, and this scholarly work is an object of what can be done with the source material.

Dr Shaban sets out to show the conflicts and dissensions of the first century of Islamic history, not a mere continuation of standing tribal animosities, but an inevitable consequence of a new Arab society to a new social and political structure. He selects the view that the Umayyads were brought about disgruntled Iranian converts, argues instead that the new drew its real strength from by who opposed the authoritarian expansionist tendencies of the government.

Dr Shaban convinces us on the basis of the particular evidence which he marshals, but because the overall picture presents of emerging and competing interests makes much more sense of the events. Instead of being neglected, baffling and sometimes ludicrous, these now hang together as part of a constantly unfolding clearly discernible pattern.

ROSAMOND MCGUINNESS:
English Court Odes 1660-1820.
209pp. Clarendon Press: Oxford University Press. £7.

Hard on the heels of Albert Dunning's monumental study of occasional music in the Renaissance, *Die Staatsmotive* (reviewed in the TLS, February 12, 1971), comes a detailed study of a peculiarly English musical phenomenon, the court ode for the monarch's birthday, for his homecoming after a journey, or for New Year's Day. As early as the reign of Henry VIII, poets and composers collaborated in the occasional duty of providing a song for the New Year, and this custom appears to have developed and continued until the Master of the King's Music, John Bullock, wrote to a friend: "My last employment has been an Ode on one I was in good hope that this silly custom had been dispensed with, but on making inquiry through Croker, the reply was that an Ode I must write."

The situation in which Rosamond McGuinness found herself may not be so very different from the impulse experienced by Southey. A book she must write, publish or perish; but the soon discovered that little of the music or poetry has much aesthetic value. This remark in her preface is slightly modified in her conclusion, where it is admitted that only Purcell was truly a genius. We have before us, then, a volume of lengthily musical examples, and clearly based on considerable research, all of which adds up to a somewhat negative result, so that the reader may well begin to wonder whether he is the victim of an egregiously academic practical joke.

It is an established fact that those who write dissertations deal not infrequently with material of dubious artistic value, but since the nation d'etre of the work resides in the newness of the discoveries, the illumination they bring to greater technical ability to research and to some extent reshape the raw elements involved, no great harm is done. It is the details and movements in the religion of Islam.

Central and peripheral

RONALD STEVENSON:
Western Music.
216pp. Kahn and Averill. £2.50.
Larousse Encyclopedia of Music.
Edited by Geoffrey Hindley.
Introduction by Anthony Hopkins.
376pp. including 700 illustrations.
Hamilyn. £6.30.

It is a truism that music, being a non-verbal art, is difficult to talk or write about. Nothing one says can amount to more than personal whim unless, starting from a precise description of what happens in musical terms, one proceeds to relate these aural events to their physiological and psychological effects. Particularly, at once scrupulous and sensitive, is essential if words about music are to be meaningful, and particularly inevitably becomes more elusive the more far-ranging is the attempted historical survey. Histories of music—even more than histories of literature, which are at least written in the same language as the artefacts they discuss—would thus seem to be doomed from the start.

There are two ways of effecting a partial salvage operation. One is for the historian to make so canny a selection of representative instances that, when analysed with a fair degree of particularity, they may stand, acceptably if not entirely adequately, for a whole; the other is for the historian to make a virtue of unpretentiousness, not claiming to explore in depth, let alone to assess or evaluate, but merely offering pointers to what might be worth investigation, should the (presumably

inexpert) reader have time and inclination. Ronald Stevenson's book belongs to the latter type. It is brief, and a glance at the index would suggest that it covers an immense field—the entire musical history of Western Christendom, with vastly comprehensive asides on ethnic pre-history and non-Western musical cultures thrown in for good measure. In fact, it makes virtually no attempt to analyse how music functions; to distinguish between the musical conventions of groups of composers; still less to assess the particularities that make a composer's idiom *sui generis*. None the less, the book serves a purpose; and does so, quite simply, because it is the creation of a remarkable man. As composer, pianist, and teacher Mr Stevenson has high technical competence combined with sterling character; the impressive range and passionate human commitment of his musicianship cannot be ignored, even by those who find some of his enthusiasms uncongenial. So when he writes a history one knows that—however inadequate, even perfunctory, it must inevitably be—it will none the less offer pointers that will stimulate through their very quixoticism.

Superficially, one might think it odd that so small a book on so large and central a subject should include so substantial paragraphs on such apparently peripheral material as pictorial, ancient Chinese music, and eccentric figures such as Grainger, Scriabin, and Godowsky. Looking back, having read the book, one realizes that the validity of the inclusion of such marginal matter is the book's innermost heart. Those who think they know most that they need to know about

quote only one—a New Year's song by Staggins—and that not quite accurately as regards the fee. Another Staggins' entry in the accounts for August 27, 1692, is more important in that it cites a warrant for the then considerable sum of £52 2s 6d "for fair writing and pricking of compositions for the Coronation Day and the Queen's Birthday".

This, however, is a detail: the overall plan is another matter. Taking the fifth chapter (Blow and Purcell, 1680-1700) as an example, it soon becomes clear what is wrong, for not one single work is discussed as an entity. Its severed limbs—solos, choruses, ensembles, instrumental movements—are dispersed along with other like categories in a number of artificially arranged sections, all of which are mysteriously repeated just at the point when the reader thinks he has come to the end of this painful process of vivisection. After a brief introduction we have a heading for "Choruses" under which are analysed the main features of Blow's and Purcell's choral writing in their odes. Then comes a section on "Instrumental Movements", subdivided into "Overtures and Symphonies" and "Other Instrumental Movements"; a section on "Vocal Numbers", subdivided into "Solos" and "Ensembles"; a few remarks on "Integrative Techniques" and "Development of Styles"; all of which is followed by an odd paragraph labelled "William Turner".

This is odd not only because it deals with a composer rather than aspects of style but because it offers a rare and exotic treat—an account of a complete ode, Turner's *Oh mighty prince*. But the treat is less appetizing than it looks, for the reader is constantly frustrated by the sad cake of dissertation. The one movement introduction is "akin to part of a French overture but thematically not related to the following vocal movement (why must it be?)" and it is not repeated (should it be?). Then we have two symphonies, one of which is "reminiscent of Blow's ode for January 1680" (research into the earlier portion of the book reveals its proper title is *The New*

Year is begun, but it is not available in any modern edition, so that the point of the Turner-Blow comparison is lost); while the other symphony is reminiscent of no other ode in particular. This unfortunately recalls the bureaucratic rule that nil returns must be made.

He also "includes shorter ritornelli" (but a ritornello is by definition shorter than a symphony), the vocal movements "consist mainly" of solos, the brief choruses are "chiefly choral", the ode is "more banal" than any by Blow or Purcell, and—as a coup de grâce—"undoubtedly it served its function: it has little more to recommend it". In this way we are told what the ode is like, and what it is not like, and how it is chiefly this and mainly that but in the long run is not worth bothering about. On for a Winton Dean or a Charles Cudworth to relate to us the life and substance of these works, good, bad, or indifferent as they may be, for even the oddest and most odious ode can be discussed with sharp critical insight and devastating wit.

But this is not all. After Turner there is a gap on the page, with no heading at all, no signpost to direct the reader along his thorny and tedious path. It leads, however, to a comparison in general terms of Blow and Purcell, for on turning the preceding material, for on turning the page the astonished eye perceives yet another series of subsections: "Instrumental Movements", "Overtures and Symphonies", "Other Instrumental Movements" and so on all the way down the list, except that this time "Choruses" are filed under "Vocal Numbers". Perhaps the cards were wrongly shuffled? Whatever the explanation, the entire rignarole is gone through again, possibly from a very slightly different angle, but still starting so hard at the stunted trees and the tangled undergrowth that the not unattractive distant view of the wood never becomes apparent.

The only other complete description of an ode occurs on page 80, where an entire paragraph is devoted to "Locke's short ode". Unfortunately we are not even given its title or year at this point, and curiously sends us once again to the chronology, there to discover that its title is *All things that certain periods have* and its date 1666. Further delving into endnotes provides some interesting proof of the occasion for which it was written, and a guess that Lanier was the author of a text. Thus by patient hunting one can at last piece together this strange jigsaw puzzle, for one could not have done so by searching in the index. There, under Locke and the title of the ode, no reference is given to the page on which the main discussion can be found.

The fleeting years cannot be stayed but something from them can be caught and held even if it is only an album of photographs. One thinks of Vaughan Williams as a composer of music rather than as a translator of Homer's Ode which forms the epilogue to this mainly pictorial biography of him, but he did both for the Abinger pageant of 1938. He did many other things in his long life—served in the army, went on walking tours with his friend Gustav Holst, dug his garden, collected folk-songs, played tennis, served on committees. The snapshots in this family album show all these activities even when, as is the way with snapshots, they are under-exposed. More formal pleasures show him receiving honorary degrees, rehearsing, conducting, relaxing with friends, and bowing

Other attempts to use the index are fraught with disappointment, even when a comparatively well-known work like Purcell's "Come ye sons of art" is in question. The disjecta membra of masterpieces suffer the same fate as the lesser fry, and confusion is added to vexation because titles of odes and incipits of solos and choruses are listed in exactly the same way. Under Purcell, for example, an uncommonly fortunate alphabetical sequence pulls together three references to the same work, although there is nothing to tell the reader as much: "Now does the glorious day appear" is the title of the ode, "Now, now with one united voice" is the final chorus of that ode, and the undesignated "Ode for the birthday, 1689" refers in fact to the first of the three entries. Looking up all three references is hardly worth the labour involved, since not a phrase can be found to assess this masterpiece at its true worth. It is true that a footnote to page 139 informs us that "Westrup has discussed the songs in the birthday odes in op. cit. pp. 183-90", but the most diligent search through preceding footnotes (although it uncovers two further "op. cit." references) fails to reveal what work the author is intent on citing.

There are other unfortunate lapses in the book. On page 171 a sentence comes to a half-halt in the middle of a line, makes way for no less than three entire pages of musical examples, cheerfully continuing its course on page 174, while the reader is presumably still digesting the forty theme-beginnings which have been hurled at him. Some of the music, too, seems hardly to fulfil its true function in the book, for when the homophonic style of Eccles and Clarke is under consideration on page 148 the incipits of two first-violin parts are suddenly tossed in, when the aspect of style in question would have been much better displayed by one sizable extract in full score. In the example from Blow's "Yet all the joyful sounds they made", on page 117, the barring obscures two hemiolas which, correctly noted, would have removed a few crudities from the declamation. We are not told that this song comes from the ode entitled *With cheerful hearts*, so that once again the index treats ode and song as individual and totally unrelated things.

If the author had been advised to lie fallow for a few years and forget the dissertation, then return with a brilliant and readable study of this genuinely fascinating facet of English musical life, the result would have been a book worth having. The present volume, in spite of all the effort put into it by everyone concerned, ranks as little more than a non-book.

R. V. W. in pictures

JOHN E. LUNN and URSULA VAUGHAN WILLIAMS:
Ralph Vaughan Williams.
119pp. Oxford University Press. £3.30.

The fleeting years cannot be stayed but something from them can be caught and held even if it is only an album of photographs. One thinks of Vaughan Williams as a composer of music rather than as a translator of Homer's Ode which forms the epilogue to this mainly pictorial biography of him, but he did both for the Abinger pageant of 1938. He did many other things in his long life—served in the army, went on walking tours with his friend Gustav Holst, dug his garden, collected folk-songs, played tennis, served on committees. The snapshots in this family album show all these activities even when, as is the way with snapshots, they are under-exposed. More formal pleasures show him receiving honorary degrees, rehearsing, conducting, relaxing with friends, and bowing

acknowledgements. The story is told mainly in captions but the pictures are supplemented with a chronology, a list of works, and an essay on the family background. This family background was legal on his father's side, though his father was actually a parson, but on his mother's side there were Darwins and Wedgwoods. Three eighteenth-century portraits reproduced here show fairly strong resemblances and the earliest photo of R. V. W. himself at the age of four shows a face, though not a figure, recognizable eighty years later. Hardly less pleasing in the memories evoked in anyone, except the very young, who turns over the pages of this scrapbook will be the other musicians of three generations who appear in differently different contexts. From Grove and Elgar through Holst and Howells, to Sargent and Barbirolli and Tippett, not to mention players and singers who appeared at Leith Hill and Three Choirs Festivals, a panorama of English musical life in the twentieth century is unfolded.

Fiddling with the Traditions

IGNAZ GOLDZHIR:
Muslim Studies.
Edited by S. M. Stern.
Translated by C. R. Barber and S. M. Stern.
Volume 2.
378pp. Allen and Unwin. £4.50.

The first volume of the English translation of *Muslim Studies* was published in 1967 and S. M. Stern had prepared this second part, adding modern footnotes, before his death in 1969, since when a colleague has seen the work through the press. Although published in 1970 Goldzhir's classic work remains of great interest and value and the present book contains the long and detailed studies of the Hadith, the "Traditions", and the veneration of saints.

From the early years of Islam attempts were made to order, individual and social life by standards held to be guaranteed from oral traditions of the Prophet or from the Sunna, the religious and legal usage of the oldest Muslim community, and the two became virtually synonymous. In the first century of Umayyad rule the pious conserved or discovered Traditions to maintain fervour, while the secular government invented Traditions to suit their own purposes. So the calligrapher 'Abd al-Malik of Damascus tried to stop pilgrimage to Mecca by getting a theologian to attribute a saying to Muhammad whereby people could make pilgrimage to Jerusalem, which was under the caliph's control.

Although the religious side of government was strengthened when the Umayyad rule succeeded to the Abbasids, this did not stop the use of Traditions to support religious, political and secular practices. The Abbasids were the very mantle of the Prophet and spoke of the "light of prophecy" shining from the forehead of the prince. The Baghdad court was more pious than that of Damascus, and while not tectat felt that drinking should not be seen in public.

The caliph al-Mahdi justified racing pigeons which was condemned by theologians, by persuading a scholar to produce a Tradition which allowed racing to animals with claws, hoofs or wings. Particularly important

were the "calming" Traditions that taught that even a wicked government must be obeyed since God alone could bring it down, so true believers must be patient and not join revolutionary parties. This was vital for orthodox Islam which held that the caliphate was not hereditary but depended upon the will of the community, and the Shi'a followers of 'Ali who claimed a family succession were rejected by Traditions such as that which made Muhammad say that 'Ali's father, his own uncle and protector, was sitting in hell. The Shi'a replied with Traditions of their own, and every stream of opinion, religious and secular, found ancient justifications for its way.

In time religious and rationalistic reactions set in against the profusion of faked Traditions, and the easiest way was what Goldzhir called "a history of literature". This was the most remarkable phenomenon in the pious manner in which fabricated Traditions were countered by further fabricated Traditions ascribed to the Prophet, who was said to have had premonitions of the falsifications and warned against them. More seriously the both ironical poets ridiculed the inventors of Tradition, and the traditionalists themselves developed methods of criticism. Obvious falsifications were excluded by inner and outer contradictions, and the trustworthiness of transmitting authorities was closely examined.

Great significance was attached to the chain of transmitters which was called the *isnad*, "support", of the Tradition. But provided the *isnad* was considered reliable then even impossible or anachronistic Traditions could be regarded as worthy of credit. Thus the Prophet was held to have indicated places in various parts of the Islamic world at which pilgrims to Mecca would begin their formal circuit, and critics accepted this for because of its disavowal it for Iraq, not because of anachronism but because of a doubtful *isnad*. Collectors of Traditions became collectors of *isnads*, and long journeys were undertaken simply to enable the authorities that were held to support extravagant Traditions. The great authorities for the collections of Traditions were Bukhari and Muslim,

both in the third Islamic century, and their works, along with four collections of laws and legal customs, form the "six books" of canonical Tradition and the principal sources of traditional law for Sunni Islam. In modern times, however, criticism of Traditions has become more acute and many of them are rejected as inferior or worthless.

Goldzhir gives the common view that in early Islam there was held to be an insurmountable barrier dividing an unapproachable God from powerless humanity, without perhaps allowing enough for the religious

Intellectual craftsmanship

D. M. DUNLOP:
Arab Civilization to A.D. 1500.
368pp. Longman. £4.25.

The title of D. M. Dunlop's book raises a large question. Can one civilization be designated as "Arab" the lands conquered during the first century of Islam? Admittedly the conquerors were mainly, but not exclusively, Arabs, as was at first the ruling elite. But Arab political hegemony soon dwindled after the Abbasid revolution in the middle of the eighth century, and as time passed, Iranians, Turks, Mongols and Circassians became the rulers of the heartlands of the fragmented and defunct Arab empire.

Certainly by the sixteenth century the mass of the subject population from Iraq westwards to Morocco was Arabic-speaking and regarded itself (with varying degrees of justification) as Arab-descended. But this was the consequence of a long and complex process of Arabization, which Professor Dunlop does not examine. True also that Arabic, as the language of the divine revelation, an unchallengeable superiority in religion, while with cultural media of the great civilization of the region. But period was, as Professor Dunlop himself shows, a great and continuing synthesis of diverse elements—Hellenistic, Persian and others—

wrought by craftsmen of the intellect, few of whom were ethnically Arabs. Another question which this book raises concerns the intended readership. It is one volume in the "Arab Background Series" which, in the words of the editor, "will provide the reader with a series of books which will clarify the historical past of the Arabs, and analyse their present-day problems". In scope it appears intended to be addressed to the general reader, there are chapters dealing in turn with Arabic literature, history and historians, geography and travel, philosophy, science and medicine, and some famous women in Islam. A wide range, although one may regret the author's deliberate omission of religion and law, which were central to the civilization.

In those aspects with which he does deal, the result is disappointing. The presentation of material is discursive and anecdotal; there is little attempt to relate cultural developments to the changing social background. Much space is devoted to what are in effect unannotated catalogues of writings, while on occasion the author deals at some length with the minutiae of specialized scholarship. While the solid basis of his work is attested by the detail and the careful documentation, provided by the notes, Professor Dunlop does not communicate the broad sweep of cultural history, nor does he offer many interpretative insights into the

data he presents. One suspects that the general reader will come away confused and unsatisfied, while the specialist will find his material in the sources cited (including Professor Dunlop's own research) rather than in this more wide-ranging survey.

Himalayan

NARI RUSTOMJI:
Enchanted Frontiers.
Sikkim, Bhutan and India's North-East Frontier Borderlands.
333pp. Oxford University Press. £4.50.

More perhaps than any other, the North-East Frontier of India is the outstanding success of India's North-East Frontier Administration, which, before the Chinese took over the foundations for a new era of peace and prosperity among the inhabitants of what was almost incognita, save for some Christian missionary enterprises. This is a humane and delightful book, which will be read with pleasure by all who know the area it covers. It is the best possible introduction to a region of the problems which face India, that region. There are engaging pictures of Nehru in relaxed mood, and of Nehru in a passionate which rendered him deaf to all his advisers could urge in favour of prudence and restraint.

Round the Pacific

Before the mast

There was then, and still is in prospect, a popular glamour about these ships. Add to that the notoriety of the Cape Horn route, and the plo-

last
re that emerges of these levels

Dr Cardwell introduces a social dimension into theoretical science, and shows in a very convincing manner how important power technology was in the formulation of the basic conceptual apparatus of thermo-

Keep it dark

analysis of the geometrical harmonies and constructions of many of the great buildings of ancient Egypt, Greece, Rome, and medieval Europe. Granted that some sort of symmetry has been incorporated into the architecture of many of the world's buildings, it is not proving inherently improbable in the future that certain symmetries were inherited from one generation to the next, or from one civilization to another. Even the manifest human desire to have secrets, it is not at all unlikely that architectural schemata are handed on secretly. Some of the symmetries are immediately obvious; but when they are not, they require scores of construction lines drawn with ruler and

Caloric, for all its ad hoc complexity, seems to have been incapable

Magic, Supernaturalism and Religion is more reminiscent of Old Moore than of Pythagoras, and will go down well with those who are predisposed to believe anything printed about the occult. It is filled with half-digested lore which is rarely as well related as in the *Devils*, from which it was culled. Devils, and demons, gnostics and cabalists, witches and wizards, vampires and werewolves, Christians and pagans—all rub shoulders in a book which was compiled by a credulous man for the astonishment of an uncritical public. The book is not without virtues: it is in a supply of which many libraries are short, and it does contain a few numerous short sections which are more or less self-sufficient. It is just the thing for a witch's waiting room.

Dr Curdwell's book, with its more discursive style, his photographs of the Fairbottom 'Bobs', and his lively use of notes tucked out of sight at the end, might well strike a prospective reader as being a less severe essay in intellectual history, but this is not so. Dr Curdwell is rarely satisfied with mere allusion and he has a rare gift for explaining his subject in a concise but comprehensive and readily intelligible way. He refrains from the kind of sweeping endings among thermodynamists, and avoids other conceptual difficulties. After discussing the seventeenth-century concept of "fire" — over which he is perhaps unnecessarily harsh — he has an excellent chapter covering mainly the Scottish contribution to the subject, in which among other things he offers

The Chairman's boffins

The Surveys and Research Corporation itself recognizes that the Cultural Revolution will have made the directory more of historical than of topical interest. Not only have the institutions themselves been reorganized but it seems likely that many of the research directors and senior research personnel who were in control of institutions at the time the directory was compiled have been replaced by people more sympathetic to the policies of Mao Tse-tung. No doubt an international scientific contacts with China began to be re-established it will be possible to assess the extent of the changes.

The 490 institutions were selected

The Carnot whose name is so well remembered in the history of physics was Sadi, son of Lazare. The greater originality of Sadi Carnot, who created the most single-handed a whole new branch of physics through his appreciation of reversible thermodynamic processes, lies always behind something of a mystery. The mystery has been in large measure dissolved by C. C. Gillispie's book—the first in which Lazare Carnot's scientific work has been rigorously scrutinized. Sadi was very much the son of his father, and in an important moral graph, which includes fascinating reproductions of Lazare's unpublished writings, Professor Gillispie explains what this entails.

an's boffins

Wellington in Portugal

Undoubtedly the British Army had experienced a long apprenticeship in failure, setback and disappointment, alleviated only by rare successes as in Egypt or at Maida, and British

The last quarter of the book describes both the Convention of Gine-

Marching off the List

During the final twenty years of their existence the Cameronians served in Gibraltar, the Free Territory of Trieste, Hong Kong, Malaya and Singapore, Germany, Bahrain and the Persian Gulf, Jordan, East Africa and the Red Sea, and Aden, an odyssey typical of the role of the army during the run-down. John

years and the place where the Earl of Angus formed the regiment in May, 1689. This service was projected by the traditional pique of the approach of Claverhouse's Dragoons, but this time the enemy was not the dragoons but political and economic expediency which had won the day. Colonel Baynes includes some extracts from what was, perhaps, one of the most inspiring addresses ever made to troops on parade, on this occasion by the Cameronians, as follows:

These events certainly have intrinsic importance and interest and form an unusual pattern, but it is questionable whether they merit a book to themselves unless studied more fully in the light of French and perhaps Portuguese sources, or unless certain of Mr Glover's valid notions are followed through in the wider context of Wellington's subsequent relations with Government, Horse Guards, Press, and Army.

It is worth quoting a few lines from it because they serve as a fitting epitaph to all the regiments of the British Army which have been allowed to disappear from the Army List during the last decade: "As you march out of the Army List you are marching into history, and from your proud place there no man can remove your name and no man can match a rose from the chaplet of your honour."

On the outbreak of war in 1914 Julian Tyndale-Biscoe joined the Royal Horse Artillery direct from school. Gunner Subaltern (1922p, c/o Cooper, £2.50) is based on his letters to his father written from the battlefields of Ypres and Arras, the Somme and the Middle East, and camp training camps, hospitals, and period of convalescence in Ireland. These letters present a remarkably lively, rare and authentic picture of the lives of officers and men of the Royal Artillery on the bloodiest of all battlefields.

Cape Horn is, perhaps, the most vocative name in the true seaman's vocabulary, and it was a name which was as wide commercial until the opening of the Panama Canal shortened the route into the Pacific by a couple of thousand miles or so. Until that great time-saving ditch was dug, most of the nitrate, guano, coal, grain trade of South American exports was carried by the big barques or rigged ships of no meaner commerce. These Cape Horn routes on a regular run. These great sailing ships, in the time of the aboriginal whaling voyages, remained a reasonably good commercial proposition until the Panama opened the trade to the antiquous steam tramp.

There was then, and still is in prospect, a popular glamour about these ships. Add to that the notoriety of the Cape Horn route, and the pic-

...dressed so largely on unmentioned
...ships logs and Article of Agree-
...ment, the story is apt to become
...repetitive. One journey, round the
...world, is very like another. And
...the captains of these hard-work-
...ing ships do not seem to vary at
...all much, though Mr Villiers does
...find a few welcome exceptions to
...the general run. They appear
...continually as elderly men who had
...been in the job because they
...had no other way of life, and with
...the coming of steam, no prospect of
...any other way of living their day
...by day of £12 to £15 a month for
...life so hard that they become here
...and there a bit of a cynic. There is
...evidence. There was not much scope for
...adventure on board in a trade where
...the rewards, including the possible
...profits of the voyages themselves,
...were so small.

Mr Villiers provides a wealth of
...detail to back up the story and to set
...it out in its true light. Yet, even
...against this background of the real
...thing, the story itself is a fine one
...and Mr Villiers tells it with all the
...dash of a novelist.

and, from Allen Lane of a Surrealist painter's his Western magic and the super-
first published in 1948, author shows a glimmering of judgment, which would be it is matter if it were not so The
It is less important in *The of Ancient Geometry*, which falls by the plausibility of
basis of the geometrical hard- constructions of many great buildings of ancient Greece, Rome, and medieval
ed that some sort of y has been incorporated architectural plans of most world's buildings, there is inherently improbable in the certain symmetries were on from one generation to
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was put into establishing the titles of the constructions initially detected by Mr Brunés and compasses and graph paper is not, to have considered alternatives to his elaborate and perhaps, this is because a number of alternatives was strongly large.

Supernaturalism and Reti- more reminiscent of Old man of Pythagoras, and will well with those who are used to believe anything about the occult. It is filled with ill-digested lore, which is well reported as in the from which it was culled. and, demons, gnostics and witches and wizards, vampires, werewolves, Christians and all bar shoulders in a book as compiled by a credulous as the astonishment of an un- public. The book is not with- sym- it is in a snappy style, with line illustrations, and is into numerous short sections more or less self-sufficient. the thing for a witch's wai-

most of the senior administrators of the institutions. None of the institutions is more recent than 1967, and much of the senior staff came under attack during the Cultural Revolution in the 1960s. The organizational data is a conspicious material in the compilation of the data. The compilation represents a prodigious work in pulling and sifting these press.

The surveys and Research Council itself recognizes that the Revolution will have made more of historical than of interest. Not only have the institutions themselves been re- but it seems likely that the research directors and research personnel who were of the institutions at the time the directory was compiled is replaced by people more in line with the policies of Mao. No doubt as international contacts with China begin to be established it will be possible to extend the changes.

300 institutions were selected

biting offsho

BEST (Editor):
and Its Satellite
Art-Davys. £3.95.

enturous nature of man's
o the Moon have tended to
their scientific purpose. John
collaborated with seven of
gues at the University of
bservatory to provide a
symposium on the Earth-
Moon system which shows something
problems involved. The aim
is how the Earth and Moon
developed and why they are so
different.

While the Earth is still
ly active and has both air
and water, the Moon seems to be a
dead, and although it was
some time in the past: its
structure must be different
of the Earth.

The book begins with a good
summary of the astronomy of the
Moon system. In discussing
the internal structure of the Earth,
the Moon and the planets, the

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emphasis is laid on the volcanoes in the interior, and the erosion and marine deposits have further altered the structure. The wider view of the earth obtained from artificial satellites is given due prominence, the remaining chapters deal with the moon. There is an account of the geology and gravitational anomalies, and the effect of impacts and other forces on the surface erosion. A final chapter deals with methods of radiating of rocks.

The style throughout is readable, the explanations clear and precise. The book is illustrated with more than 100 plates and diagrams, about half of them in colour, largely from photographs taken on the Apollo and Apollo space missions. The whole work is beautifully illustrated and provides a useful introduction to the reasons for the present in lunar exploration.

Muted miniaturist

RENE JASINSKI:
Deux accès à la Bruyère
266pp. Paris: Minard. 40fr.
LOUIS VAN DELFT:
La Bruyère moraliste
175pp. Geneva: Droz. 26 Sw fr.

The thinness of the stream of articles and books on La Bruyère since the beginning of the century has long suggested him as a suitable candidate for deletion from the canon of classical French authors. He said nothing particularly shocking or particularly perceptive. At best he seemed an accomplished miniaturist, capable of hitting off personal characteristics with malicious economy. But his schoolroom stereotype was too dreary; his prose style too long-winded, and his famous first sentence too daunting: "Tout est dit, et l'on vient trop tard." It looked as if the last word on La Bruyère himself had long been spoken and as if his literary death was only a matter of time, as new generations found less and less that was new or interesting to say about the *Caractères*. The vaulted qualities of La Bruyère's observations on the social scene in late seventeenth-century France—moderation, common sense, reason and taste—seemed unlikely to commend him to an age so conscious as our own that victory goes to the violent. La Bruyère certainly had an incipient social conscience, and he disliked pretentiousness. But he was also a reactionary in his literary tastes. Relegation from the canon, and the syllabus, seemed imminent.

Then in 1962, there were two new editions, by Robert Garapon for Garnier and by Julien Benda for the Bibliothèque de la Pléiade. As usual, the Garnier edition was superior to

its rival, but both publishers may have included La Bruyère merely in order to offer comprehensive coverage of syllabus authors, and neither edition makes more than defensively modest claims for La Bruyère's standing. Then, last year, two new full-scale studies suddenly appeared, neither of them defensive in tone, with Louis van Delft beating René Jasinski to this reviewer's desk by a matter of days. Both commentators emphasize the importance of the chronological development of the *Caractères* through the work's various editions.

At Jasinski's early work on La Bruyère's sources was published in 1942, during the occupation of France. The first section of his new book picks up the same subject, but there is disappointingly uncomprehensive. These are still preliminary soundings, suggesting rich deposits accessible only with the help of a thorough examination of La Bruyère's relationship to his sources. The thorough examination has yet to be undertaken. The second section of M Jasinski's book is again a pointer to further research. It alerts us about the importance of the elusive order of La Bruyère's book, but it limits its study of the evolution of the text through the different editions to the first four chapters, which are not, as M Jasinski charmingly admits, the most important ones. *Deux accès à la Bruyère* is a book for specialists, an *état présent* without definite promise of a follow-up. But it has wildly abundant footnotes pointing out analogies with the work of earlier moralists, and it sensitively indicates the tentative nature of La Bruyère's responses to his own dilemmas as he amended his observations to reflect the changes in circumstances and opinion between 1688 and 1696. M Jasinski is not immodest in claim-

ing to have achieved an "éminente humanisation des *Caractères*".

M van Delft offers us four studies, mostly using material which has already appeared in learned reviews. He attempts a frank rehabilitation, and sees the need for it. His chapters are devoted successively to the evolution of the *Caractères* through their various editions, to the poetic universe of La Bruyère, and to La Bruyère's relationships with Castiglione and Gracian. From being modelled on Montaigne and La Rochefoucauld, the *Caractères* become less general, more personal, original, pessimistic and varied. The possible influence of Castiglione and Gracian may be exaggerated, and the sometimes polemical footnotes do not always inspire confidence, but there is a convincing demonstration that the interest of La Bruyère derives from his inability to be either solemn or dogmatic. He had to be chary of giving offence, but he none the less reacted with great sensitivity to a very wide range of social phenomena.

The muted and tentative criticism of some established values, the doubts and the hesitations, in the end explain the charm of La Bruyère. He is essentially a post-classical author. He speaks in a classical idiom and shares some of the prejudices of his *pari*, but his moral viewpoint is nearer to Voltaire than to La Rochefoucauld. He belongs to an untappy generation of great authors including Bayle, Fontenelle and Fénelon, who are no longer much read but whose sensibility explains the all-important continuity between the anguished preoccupations of the high classical authors in France and the sanguine optimism of the social engineers who were to follow them.

The psychoses of Manzoni

MARIA-LUISA ASTALDI:
Manzoni
539pp. Milan: Rizzoli. L6,500.

Maria-Luisa Astaldi is a pillar of strength and energy. She is a landmark in Italy for the specialist review *Ulisse*, which she founded and keeps in being. Her writings have been various. Perhaps her most significant book, before this one, was her biography of that gifted poet of the Italian Risorgimento, Tommaseo, whose psyche was split between church and bed with pretty women—something very common among Catholics of the former church, which is not well understood in England. The "split" in Tommaseo was not destructive in a country that knew no Puritanism, where forgiveness for peccadilloes was easily dispensed, where Mary Magdalene was known and fierce old Nobodaddy was not.

Now Professor Astaldi has embarked, though with the same technique, on a far more ambitious task. Not without Attic salt she has unearthed, with a documentation which might seem second to none, the psyche of the great Catholic idiot, Alessandro Manzoni. Manzoni's psychotic struggles are well known, but still one may be puzzled. First about approach. *Vies romancées* in the brilliant manner of Lytton Strachey or André Maurois (and this is a *vie romancée*) are always more readable than flat-toned history. But are they as "true"? An academic critic, with his technological taste, would perhaps say "no". How can we ever know what went on in the mind of a furtive neurotic, or what private conversations were really about? A literary person or a poet would be indulgent. He or she might answer that the dried bones of the past can be given flesh and blood this way, that an atmosphere will which we have long lost contact with re-evoked and *se non è vero è ben trovato*. How else are we to see the splendour of historical as well as

hysterical scenes in Paris or Milan in the days of the Empire, or how the shadow of Napoleon's cocked hat lay over all the poetic and intellectual twistings of Italian until their country was finally united? Such vividness combined with accuracy is surely rare.

Manzoni's life involved pretty well everything which would lead a modern psychologist to diagnose a psychopath. He was an illegitimate son whose correspondence reveals an almost incestuous attitude to a high-powered mother. There was a syllabus of some sort on the father's side. The young Manzoni suffered from seizures, depressions, terrors. There were early and secretive sexual experiences: were they really with women? Then came marriage to a Calvinist girl in which the dynamic mother did everything short of going to bed with the couple. Then came the conversion of the salon-type mother, the Puritan wife and shy Manzoni to Roman Catholicism under Jansenist auspices.

So far so good, or rather bad. But there still remains a mystery. Most literary men have quirks that amount to torture at times, if not something that the public used to call madness, and this may work for their work. But Manzoni? We detect little of the figure Professor Astaldi presents to us. The "conversion" in a world swept by agnosticism could have been a sick man's way of finding roots. Perhaps the author is too "healthy" to view such a change with eyes other than thinly veiled irony and contempt, as are common in Italian literary circles?

A writer who followed Montaigne and his *Essais*, or who had seen examples of depth-analysis, would be more indulgent. For in his writing Manzoni pulled himself together in a heroic way, even opposing his confided by doubt? so well analysed in Bishop Blougram's *Apology*.

Professor Astaldi devotes little space to Manzoni's writings, and per-

haps she does not like them. Manzoni's poems, whether secular or religious, are thin out as limp as water. Admittedly, his polemic against Sismondi and in defence of Italian Catholicism is boring—it times one feels the writer was bored with it himself. It is pedestrian and liberal and lacks the undertones we sometimes associate with "converts" to religion or some other ideology. The plays are not good as plays, but they contain serene and humanistic passages one can never forget. We find this serenity, half-irony and humanism in the *Promessi Sposi* too. Alberto Moravia once said that it is a Catholic novel in a sense in which in Russia there have been communist novels—that is, it is propagandistic. It may be so. But Moravia goes on to say that it is an incomparably better novel than anything that has officially come out of Russia and far better than anything achieved by Scott, with whom Manzoni has been too often compared in the English-speaking world. Was Manzoni a hypocrite, a "bachotone" as some said in Milan? Here again we have a formidable difficulty. No writer can lie or "pose" in his work and be a great writer.

There remains the Manzoni who outlived himself, the deathbed Manzoni who said: "Dieu est un hypochoniste." The idea had already been an idea that has occurred to everyone living today. It may also be fashionable—the latest thing—with churchmen. But what is the value of things we say when we are dying? We have no means of knowing. Was Manzoni his real self when he wrote or was something suppressed in his consciousness which came out in the last "moment of truth"? Those of us who have some remnant of the old Christian religion, and the Greco-Roman humanism so essential to the Roman answer one way. The majority perhaps more in another way. Professor Astaldi's view. Both should profit by the questions her book arouses.

Russian revivalist Parker's piece

TEMIRA PACHMUS:
Zinaida Hippus
491pp. Carbondale: Southern Illinois University Press. \$12.50.

Zinaida Hippus "was one of the most stimulating minds of her time, a sophisticated poet, an original religious thinker, and an inimitable literary critic." This is a not unreasonable claim, and these three aspects of Hippus's intellectual activity, plus a fair amount of straight biography, form the bulk of this book.

The problem of the biographer is to determine the proportions to be allotted to these different activities. Here Temira Pachmus appears to be undecided. The greater part of the text is devoted to a discussion of Hippus's social, religious and philosophical speculations, and the largest entries in the index are Church, Dostoevsky, Dualism, God, Love and Third-Testament Humanity. The bibliography of history, theory, criticism, on the other hand, contains chiefly material on her literary output; and the longest single chapter is concerned with her literary criticism.

It would seem to be the philosophical and religious aspects that most interest Professor Pachmus. Unfortunately, she seems more concerned to establish Hippus's intellectual superiority over all her contemporaries than to define her contribution to the thought of her time. There is no account of the climate of ideas in which she lived other than the most superficial survey in the introduction, Vladimir Soloviev, who occupies the central place in the Russian religious revival, is mentioned only occasionally; there is not even any attempt to disentangle Hippus's own contributions from those of her husband, Dmitry Merzlikovsky. Ironically, instead of exaggerating Hippus's significance, this approach has the effect of trivializing her.

In the fall of 1901, when Merzlikovsky was free from his infatuation with Mme Obratsova, Hippus came up with a new idea: the creation of the Religious-Philosophical Meetings in St Petersburg. She wanted to go beyond the circle in obtaining more assistance than that given by her two companions (Merzlikovsky and Filosofov) who proved to be so unreliable at times. On September 2, 1901, she said to Merzlikovsky during their breakfast: "It is not the creation of a new temple which is our dream. We want to create a new church."

Oddly enough, precisely the opposite happens with the fiction and the poetry. Here Professor Pachmus is so keen to trace influences and parallels that she underestimates Hippus's originality and her unique poetic voice. But here too she fails to define important and controver-

Morality-minded

SYLVIA D. FELDMAN:
The Morality-Partnered Comedy of the Renaissance
165pp. The Hague: Mouton. 18fl.

The author of this thesis has (or perhaps was) handed by her supervisor? an *idée fixe* which, in the deadly manner of so many dissertations, she has dragged like a fine toothcomb through a welter of some seventeen Elizabethan and Jacobean plays, all of which, the anonymous *London Prodigal* and Shakespeare's *All's Well that Ends Well* alike, are treated in exactly the same uncritical way as exemplars, more or less, of her view that certain plays of the period preserved structural characteristics of the old Morality plays, or rather the Morality plays as developed towards more secular entertainment by the Tudor Interludes. Sylvia Feldman is utterly deaf and blind to the spirit of comedy, and no reader could possibly guess from her catalogues of closeness to or distance from her thesis (e.g. "He does no penance") that she was dealing with selected contributions to a rambling living theatre, rather than texts studied for

slid issues. For example, the vexed question of Hippus's "denial" she is prepared to take that

her poetic world, and even one described in the first of her verse appears as a "Machian world" over good and the devil, and God himself. This demonic re-enactment of life with its spiritual pursuits, the motif of death, and the theme of death which are clearly discernible in Hippus's poetry, intensify and become a rabidly rightist policy of violence in the period.

But this unexceptionable followed by the statement that Hippus should not be considered poet per se, the "munds were counterbalanced" by the "strivings, and an and God and his mercy from the other poems of the period.

Later still Professor Pachmus writes: "One may with some caution call Hippus a poet during her first period, more instances of such wording could be added.

The greatest shortcoming of the book is the failure to show evolution in its subject's thought and aesthetic thought. Hippus is very conscious of this process of development, and she has been having difficulty in but her method of hopping from one period to another in Hippus's views seem untheoretical. Hippus's own words in "Beginnings" Hippus has expressed in a letter of 1938 she was sixty-six, are followed by another formulation of the idea from the fiction of 1938, this sort of approach is very difficult to discover she believed and when. This sometimes turns her actual time inside out. At the end of the First World War Hippus was a "convert" to Christianity, and several illustrious given (two from 1916 and one from 1914). We then read: "She ever, Hippus realized that not in the best interests of homeland to oppose the war all the evidence for this from the years 1914-15.

Zinaida Hippus, with her links to Russian religious thought and the Symbolist poets, is a figure in the most remarkable Russian cultural history. The book contains much biographical material that is undervalued, but it is a pity that Pachmus, with her necessary unpublished diaries and letters, not been able to provide a satisfactory account of this and influential woman.

submission to some moral housed in a backward-looking In spite of all her shortcomings, presentation, style, or normal sensibility, however, the author's overblown article, for a few pages in a journal, does have a really interesting and valid point to make, why her thesis (if not her book) deserves a currency value, it is likely to be gained in the speaking world from the Haggard's publication in *The Haggard* makes her point repetitively a pedestrian. Fashion, and she like a Victorian good one. The conditioned

Moralities and Interludes undoubtedly figure in the plays has selected including *Macbeth*, *Hamlet*, *Greene* and *Lodge*. Heywood Ben Jonson. If only Miss Feldman had managed to free herself from dusty trappings of these interludes and had borrowed something of the broad range of the plays to read, she might have reached a really sensible conclusion about both studies.

CARLO BERNARI:
Un foro nel parabrezza
190pp. Milan: Mondadori. L2,200.

The hero-cum-narrator of *Un foro nel parabrezza* (A Hole in the Windshield) works as layout and headline man for a newspaper, whose success is based on complicity with the government. The government controls an advertising super-agency, which collects and farms out more than 50 per cent of all press publicity. By pursuing a pro-government policy of broad (its greatest exploits are articles glorifying the massacres of the Chinese in Indochina), the newspaper has an ever greater quantity of advertising out of its patrons.

At the start of the book, the narrator's inchoate rancour and distortion are focused on the startle blue-green "curse" of a

sports car. "Its monstrous dilapidation, and 'impossible' colour" attract and repel him with almost erotic violence, as for weeks it robs him of his customary parking space. He sees it as an intolerable symbol of opposition to the "power" and security he has bought for himself and his family at the expense of his artistic and literary aspirations.

His hopes of getting his own back on the owner with his fists collapse when he finds that she is a fragile and charming woman, "Rossana". A fierce and cathartic argument and their love-affair can begin. Like Rossana's car, it is an "enormity", utterly subversive of both his family and his professional life. The metropolitan idyll of the lovers ends in a natural orgasm, when a cloudburst traps them in the car: "Clinging together uncomfortably, we wanted, not to possess each other, but to penetrate each other, become each other's soul, to become possessed,

and chatting about the sights they have seen, the lighthouses on the coast begin to multiply. They soon spread along the routes of rapidly constructed canals into the interior of the country; a "lighthouse trade union" is formed and immediately suspected of subversive intentions. Meanwhile, the population suffers a coughing plague that cripples its powers of resistance. The caretakers return and the lighthouse party is in its ascendancy, the indifferent masses flocking to it as they recognize the victory it has won over its opponents. Jonke invites us to draw a moral and act on it. The story was severely curtailed in manuscript, he tells us, by the editor's of his Dohernian bitch, Syra de Calovriere; but he does not feel that this circumstance has lessened its worth in any way.

This last is a special effect in the tradition of *Kater Murr*, and makes one wonder whether Jonke has not deliberately set out to reestablish contact with the Romantic fairy tale. True, there are the statutory hints that the story is to be taken politically; but surely an allegorical representation of a communist takeover in the tradition of *Kater Murr*, and makes one wonder whether Jonke has not deliberately set out to reestablish contact with the Romantic fairy tale. True, there are the statutory hints that the story is to be taken politically; but surely an allegorical representation of a communist takeover in

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the tradition of *Kater M*

Folk talk

MARTYN F. WAKELIN (Editor):
Patterns in the Folk Speech of the
British Isles
204pp. Athlone Press. £4.

This collection of essays by nine different authors appears as a paragon to the recently completed publications of the Leeds Survey of English Dialects (1962-71), whose first volume was reviewed here at some length (TLS, December 19, 1963). Four essays, in fact, range beyond the selected limits of the Survey. Robert Gregg describes the dialect boundaries in Ulster, David Parry discusses on the speech varieties of south-east Wales, and J. Y. Mather records the specialized jargon of Scottish east-coast fishermen. Though Peter Wright's study of mining terms is mainly concerned with Yorkshire and Midland coalfields, he extends it to include South Wales and the Scottish Lowlands.

These essays present much first-

hand information that is not readily available elsewhere. They are expertly organized, and they have been most carefully edited. In these days when we are witnessing something of a 'Tennysonian revival', Philip Tilling's examination of that poet's early Lincolnshire verses is exceptionally valuable; but the longest and most substantial monograph is undoubtedly that by Dr Gregg on Ulster, where three (not two) language types are shown to exist today "in sharp confrontation". Dr Gregg was born in Antrim at Glenoe, just four miles south of Larne, the main port of entry for Scots throughout the whole period of settlement. He here summarizes the results of many years of scientific investigation and his authentic and original map of the Province showing the present regional distribution of the Gaelic, and of Scots-Irish and Anglo-Irish dialects, surely merits close attention.

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Getting Beowulf on tape

ANGUS CAMERON, ROBERTA
FRANK and JOHN LEVERLIE
(Editors):
Computers and Old English
Concordances
127pp. Toronto University Press.
London: Oxford University Press.
£4.25.

In March 1969 an international conference was held at the University of Toronto... to review the present state of work on computer concordances of Old English texts and to explore the possibilities for beginning work on a large-scale Old English dictionary. This volume contains the proceedings of that conference.

Thus the blurb of *Computers and Old English Concordances*. The editors take pride that their published proceedings "represent as nearly as possible what was said" during the two-day conference. This decision preserves all that is trivial in conferences—the opening remarks, introduction of speakers, polite responses, inane asides, and often pointless questions that are to be expected *in situ* but hardly in print. One suspects that ease and speed of editing dictated the book's format, but if so, the long lapse between conference and printed proceedings is unjustifiable. However, if the format serves no other purpose, it is valuable as a warning to triflers that even bloomers from the floor can be enshrined in print.

The fifty-one participants, mainly Americans and Canadians with a handful of Europeans, ultimately reach agreement on certain priorities for Old English studies: that an international clearing-house be established to disseminate information; that scholars be made aware of the pitfalls of arbitrary decisions in computing which retard "compatibility of encoding... storage, and... output"; and that an editorial board be appointed to begin a long-awaited Old English dictionary, preferably of the scope and accuracy of Krapp and Dobbin's six-volume *The Anglo-Saxon Poetic Records* (New York, 1931-53), on which it would largely be based.

The papers presented are often as interesting for the particular biases they reveal as for their content. Pierre Ducretet represents most North American scholars (who have been conditioned to believe that means of data input) in his mistaken insistence that "[magnetic] tapes get erased and you can't handle paper tapes because you cannot read what's on them". Not surprisingly, he then laments that his cards (which are inordinately wasteful of space) pose formidable storage problems, as well as tending to deteriorate in humid conditions. However, his account of his problems arising from the humanist's need to enter his data to assistants, who are neither conversant with nor interested in his particular problem, should be

read by all prospective computer users. Inevitably, some of the problems confronting the scholar in 1969 already seem historically quaint. For example, concordances and indexes need no longer avoid "tables [or] plotted graphs... [synthesizing] the quantitative analysis that has gone on", since Custer and other well-documented programmes for graphic formats are now generally available. Similarly, the incompatibility of encoding experienced by scholars wishing to share programmes is certainly becoming less of a problem as the number of accepted programming languages and dialects has tended to diminish with a consequent rise in the status of the survivors. The editorial policy of publishing all (but only) the spoken record of the conference results in omissions of important material, especially when one considers the chaff presented. Three pages are devoted to the widespread difficulty experienced by computing centres in acquiring high-quality type-slugs of Old English characters. This leads to the

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Progress report

R. A. WISBEY (Editor):
The Computer in Literary and
Linguistic Research
309pp. Cambridge University Press.
£6.20.

wide and representative range of topics from lexicography, editing and poetry generation to computer applications in other studies and programming for literary research; in general the standard is very high, both from point of view of scholarship and also—surprisingly, perhaps, for a specialized subject—from readability and clarity of presentation. A few of the papers describe work in progress with techniques employed, but the majority are of specific usefulness to scholars operating in the same related areas as well as of general interest.

The chief strength of *The Computer in Literary and Linguistic Research* is that the papers report on actual achievements, not on the modest scale of Joe L. Taylor's analysis of German Romantic sonnets to the grand level of obligatory operations on the "million word Brown University Standard Corpus of Present-Day English American English". What has long been needed is a book which can perform the functions of textbook for the computer neophyte and springboard for the scholar who has already done some work in the field and wishes to discover what has and has not been achieved to date. This volume admirably fills this dual role and R. A. Wisbey is to be congratulated on his organizational energy in bringing the symposium into being and on his editorial skills in putting such a well-organized and worthwhile text.

For the fun of the thing

DAVID CRYSTAL:

Linguistics
267pp. Paperback, 40p.

FRANK PALMER:

Grammar
200pp. Paperback, 35p.
Penguin.

One should approach linguistics with what David Crystal tongue-in-cheek calls "an open-minded state of mind". If one wishes to understand and appreciate the spectacular advances made in this science in recent years and described at some length in this highly informative and useful book... Linguistics is a "headily controversial" subject and it is best studied "for fun". Dr Crystal enjoys himself immensely as he expatiates on those contentious propositions which have occupied the attention of linguists over the past half-century from Saussure and Trubetzkoy to the first Chomsky of

Syntactic Structures (1957), the revised *Chomsky of Aspects* (1965), and the case grammar of Charles Fillmore (1970).

The author's style is pleasantly conversational, anecdotal, and uninhibitedly pellucid. He details lots of common-sense chatter and conference gossip. He makes no attempt to endow his writing with any kind of permanence because, he tells us, linguistic science is advancing (or gyrating) at such breathtaking speed that anything said about it today stands a fair chance of becoming old-fashioned tomorrow. So let us join in the fun and lay aside for a while all that we have ever learnt about unrelated principles, pronouns of uncertain reference, and cleft infinitives. All is free and easy. Anything goes. Let us therefore not so much as litter when we are referred quite casually to Thomas Elyot's *The Scholmaster*, and when we encounter such transatlantic crudities as "this data" and "isolatable" and

Frank Palmer writes more concerningly than his academic colleague, and yet even his erudite exposition shows marks of haste. Why so? He attributes errant sense to that eminent philologist Edward Sapir. He speaks of "Memorial, an Americanist language". He translates Latin *memini* as "to remember a man". He alludes to "another mood in English" perhaps the English "middle" which he clearly means "another dialect". Such trivialities are, of course, easily rectifiable, and are light as air in comparison with the weighty and impressive scholarship elsewhere displayed in this able book. Professor Palmer's *Linguistic Study of the English Language* (1965) is one of the most original monographs on this theme that possesses. In *Grammar* he extends the study of the verb to cover the whole range of English morphology and syntax.

HISTORY

Christians against Muslims in Crete

ELEUTHERIOS VENIZELOS:
1841-1842 epistologs tou 1889
Edited by Ioannis G. Manolikiaki
520pp. Athens: Apta. 400
Drachmas.

It is an act of Cretan piety that places the name of Venizelos on the title page of this book, because by far the greater part of it is written or compiled by Mr Manolikiaki. His primary purpose, which he adds as a published and hitherto unknown historical manuscript by "the Emperor", as he proudly calls the Emperor; but this document takes up only forty-two of his 520 pages. They are tall pages, and printed in double column; even the greatest specialist could hardly ask for more on the history of some six months.

Crete in the nineteenth century and for the first twelve years of the twentieth was part of the Ottoman Empire. Throughout that time the Christian Cretans, who amounted to just under four-fifths of the population, were inspired by the desire for liberty and union with the rest of Greece. In 1866 they fought for three years without success but, thanks to the interest which their struggle had aroused in Europe, the Sultan was forced to grant certain limited rights of representative government. In 1878 a further advance

was made when an agreement, known as the Halepa Pact, extended these rights and promised that a Christian member of the Ottoman service would be appointed as Governor. Mr Manolikiaki represents this concession as wringing from the Sultan by the Cretans themselves; it was in fact one of the provisions of the Treaty of San Stefano which was retained after the drastic modification of that treaty at the Congress of Berlin.

This was the constitution which governed the island at the time the book begins. It had succeeded in keeping the island quiet, because the elections for the first ten years were won by a conservative coalition of Greeks and Turks representing the land-owning interest. The Christian governors never served out their five years, as provided at Halepa, mainly because one Cretan faction or another would always get up a petition against them, and as a result the finances were usually in a chaotic state and trade was bad. This favoured the rise of an opposition party which, apart from being out of power and wanting to be in, drew some support from the shipowners and merchants of the towns. Mr Manolikiaki calls these two parties Conservatives and Liberals, though he knows some livelier and commoner names for them.

In the spring of 1889 a new

governor, Sartinski Pasha, the fifth in ten years, arrived in the island. Elections were held which resulted in a surprising and massive victory for the Liberals. Among them was Eleutherios Venizelos, making his first entry into politics at the age of twenty-five. The outraged Conservatives, who had always enjoyed the favour of the previous governors, at once began agitating for the replacement of Sartinski. When they found their victorious rivals claiming jobs in the administration which could only be made available by expelling the Conservative incumbents, they decided to take to the hills and raise armed bands. Before leaving the assembly five of them put in a memorial to the governor demanding *enosis*. This was a shrewd blow; the Liberals too had this as their ultimate object, though at present they were rather looking forward to a period of power after the wilderness of opposition. The Conservative armed bands raised trouble in the countryside, and when Turks fled from those to the cities, where they were in a majority, the Muslims turned on the Christians and many were murdered. After a few months of turmoil the Sultan sent a fairly large force of troops under Sakir Pasha, who restored order and assumed the post of governor. He also took the opportunity to reduce the numbers and powers of the assembly and in effect to annul the

main provisions of the Pact of Halepa.

It was not a very glorious revolt. Mr Manolikiaki himself describes it as "a rebellious demonstration"; he admits it was not one of the finest pages in Cretan history and protests that he only chose it as his theme because he wanted to publish the new Venizelos fragment. He tries to make it more interesting by a long chapter full of conjectures at supposed intrigues by the Great Powers. He really seems to believe that Britain intended to annex Crete under the guise of a protectorate. His main evidence is the arrival in the island of a correspondent of *The Times*, whom he describes as a secret agent of the British Government; but since *The Times* almost immediately thereafter published a leading article advocating the cession of Crete to Greece, he has to conclude that the sinister design had been hastily abandoned. It is pleasantly reminiscent of the great days of von Blowitz and Bourchier, and Harold Nicolson's "Professor Malone".

The Venizelos fragment, uncompleted and unrevised, turned up in a folder of papers connected with his legal practice. It had plainly been mislaid not long after he wrote it. Though interesting as the only piece of historical prose in his writings, it adds no new facts to the story as it is known already. Stylistically it is undistinguished and rather stilted;

which covered the period from the reign of Charles II until 1897, and a later work by the present author, which continued it until 1956. Published in association with the Royal Artillery Institute and armed with a foreword by the late Master Gunner, General Sir Robert Mansergh, it is clearly an authoritative work and an immense amount of research has gone into its compilation.

In spite of the many difficulties Alastair Campbell has provided an extremely comprehensive and detailed reference book for the whole period. There are more than 100 illustrations reproduced from contemporary sources in addition to excellent colour plates. The appendixes deal with the Scottish Artillery, the Royal Irish Artillery and the women's services, together with a list of artillery units in Great Britain and Ireland.

Economic History

SIDREI, S. *Trade and Power. Informal Colonialism in Anglo-Portuguese Relations, 256pp.* Amsterdam University Press. 35.82fl.

Owing to the abstruse technical style in which it is written, this work is very heavy going for all save specialists in economic theory and history, but it has been well researched. It is particularly useful for the period 1750-1890, and its analysis of the reasons why Portuguese attempts to industrialize or to diversify their economy proved either abortive or short-lived. It does not, however, come up with anything startlingly new. Nobody who has studied the vicissitudes of the Anglo-Portuguese alliance since 1640 has denied that the economic advantages were heavily on the side of England, save for a few fleeting periods, such as the years 1780-1806.

Education

CALTHROP, KENYON. *Reading Together. An Investigation into the Use of the Educational Books for the National Association for the Teaching of English.* £1.50.

This book is the result of an investigation into the teaching of literature in secondary schools undertaken by Kenyon Calthrop for the National Association for the Teaching of English with the aid of a Calouste Gulbenkian Foundation grant. Despite Mr Calthrop's preambles, he found that most teachers of English in the sample of schools he

visited still liked the idea of a whole class of children reading the same literary work and felt that the shared experience of reading a worthwhile book was deeply educative. For working and training teachers he gives not only lists of the most popular books "taught" (with *Lord of the Flies*, *The Silver Sword* and *Animal Farm* in the lead) but also valuable detailed reports of how talented teachers used this material to enable their pupils to have imaginative experiences of their own. Mr Calthrop usefully includes a plea for more flexible examinations and for teacher training colleges to recognize the need for English teachers to be able to read aloud really well and to know how to use a dramatic approach to a text.

Exploration

FORMAN, WERNER and BURLAND, COTTE. *A. Marco Polo.* 177pp. Michael Joseph. £5.

This book is based on selections from and summaries of the Yule-Cordell edition of *The Book of Ser Marco Polo* (London, 1903), illustrated with splendid photographs, some of them in colour, by the Czech photographer Werner Forman. A "must" for Marco Polo fans, but dispensable for anyone else.

History

DONBOSKI, LYN and DROMMOND, HARRY (Compilers). *Regency England: A Booklist.* 36pp. Brighton Public Libraries. Paperback, 20p.

The compilers of this annotated book-list interpret the Regency period in the broad sense, as that between the close of the eighteenth century and the beginning of the Victorian era. The list shows the considerable resources of Brighton libraries for the study of the period in its politics, manners, architecture and costume, etc. It is intended for the general reader and the compilers justifiably hope that its usefulness will not be limited to Brighton.

HUSSEY, MAURICE. *The World of Shakespeare and his Contemporaries.* 136pp. Heinemann. £3. (paperback, £1.25).

The illustrations so preponderate that at first sight this might be taken simply for one more picture-book introduction to Shakespeare's England. But it is more than that, because Maurice Hussey has carefully chosen each of his photographs and prints for what they intimate of the Elizabethan outlook. In a text closely

Venizelos was a great orator but much less cogent on paper.

The fact that the commentary, as already indicated, vastly outweighs the text is due to Mr Manolikiaki's method. He has assembled, with ruthless and admirable diligence, every scrap of contemporary evidence that is at all relevant. Leading articles from newspapers from all over Europe are printed in full: one from the *Manchester Guardian* runs to thirteen columns, but the Cretan papers were almost equally prolix and are more frequently quoted. He prints in full the official record of the debates in the Cretan assembly, and long speeches from the Greek parliament as well. These public documents are supplemented by the reports of the Greek Consul-General in China, extracted from the archives of the Foreign Ministry in Athens. At times it seems overdone, but so great an accumulation of details can also have its charm. The same can be said without any second thoughts about the admirable and copious illustrations. There are soft and lyrical water-colour landscapes by Edward Lear, and fierce Cretan warriors staring out of faded photographs, with silver-hilted yataghans and silver-mounted pistols stuck in their waistbands. It is stirring to note, from their dates, that many of these heroes of anti-Turkish rebellions lived to see the parachutists descending around Crete.

linked to the illustrations he suggests how a grasp of these ideas can add to an appreciation of the plays, in particular those of Marlowe, Shakespeare and Jonson. He draws his examples from architecture and the emblem books, the school curriculum, anatomy and the theatre.

Horticulture

HYAMS, EDWARD. *Plants in the Service of Man.* 222pp. Dent. £2.95.

This book may perhaps be regarded as illustrative of the correlation between the development of agriculture and man's own movement and settlement in different parts of the world. Beginning with the use of the wild plants around him, man has by selection and breeding improved the value of crops by producing better forms and cultivars, the original sources of which are often difficult to trace. Major changes in the economy have also been caused by the introduction of plants to new habitats where they have become established. From his own knowledge culled as a traveller and from many original literary sources, Edward Hyams looks critically at the possible origins of the most important plants and of their subsequent geographical spread, his conclusions often being helped by philological considerations.

With informative endpaper maps, thirty-two plates and a bibliography the book makes absorbing reading, presenting a reasoned account of the development of seed-time and harvest, acts which were the very foundation of progressive civilization, and which have led to present-day scientific method in the provision of food-supplies.

Housing

PERPER, SIMON. *Housing Improvement: Goals and Strategy.* Architectural Association Paper Number 8. 135pp. Lund Humphries for the Architectural Association. £5.25 (paperback, £3.75).

The starting-point of this study is the Housing White Paper of April, 1968, which represented a switch in the policy of the Labour Government, away from the building of the greatest possible number of new houses towards an emphasis on the repair and improvement of existing houses. The implications of this policy, especially as regards the planning priorities of local authorities, and their housing management organization and finances, are Simon

